HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1883.

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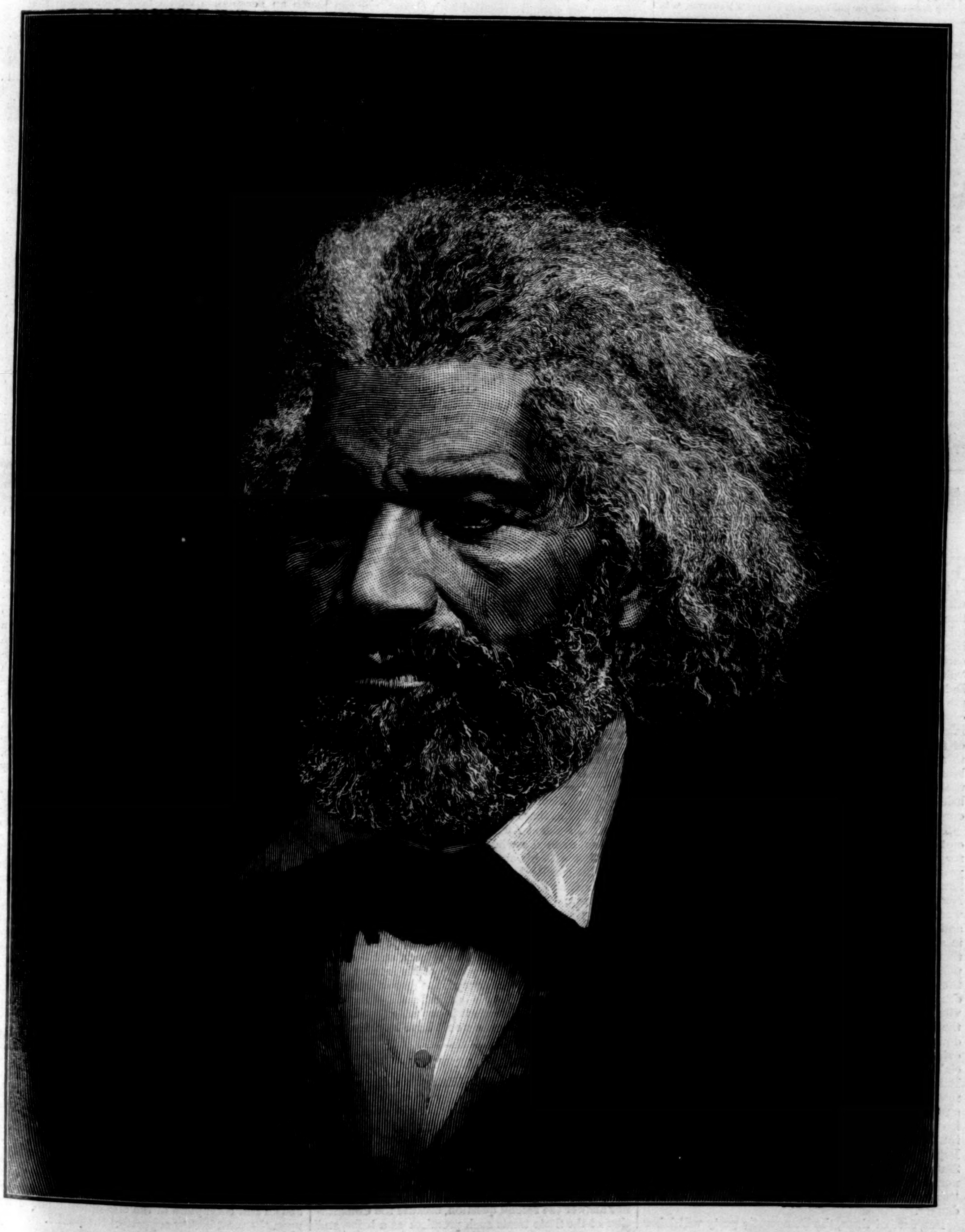
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



FREDERICK DOUGLASS.—[See Page 743.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24. 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" *have reported* [*see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September* 1] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the* 1st *of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age—*MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December,* 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $500; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $500; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $500: *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

☞ *An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEXT YEAR.

THE Democratic fancy that the Republican party, with its record and character and tendency, was to be summarily displaced by the Democratic party, with *its* record and character, vanished at the late election. It had not occurred to the eager gentlemen who think that this country can be carried with a whoop like a Tammany caucus that the cry "Turn the rascals in!" was quite as likely to startle the country as "Turn the rascals out!" was likely to stimulate it. Indeed, the careful avoidance of any issue but that of the general character and conduct of the parties concentrated public attention upon the probabilities arising from the history and common knowledge of each of them, so that, had a general election taken place this year, the Republicans would unquestionably have been successful. It is certainly not surprising that the Democratic press now remarks with plaintive sobriety that Democratic success next year can be secured only by a hard fight.

The moral of the recent election is that the Democratic party must represent something besides a greed for spoils if it means to make any fight at all next year. It may safely count as usual upon the solid South, which of itself should array every intelligent Northern voter against it, because Democratic success would mean Southern ascendency in administration, and that is not desirable. There is plenty of patriotic and national feeling in the Southern States, and there are able and honorable men among Southern political leaders, but the political bond which unites those States is not a sound and good one. It is not common devotion to a definite national policy. It is vindictive feeling. It is, in a plain word, hatred of the North, inherited from the war. This feeling undoubtedly is disappearing. It is yielding to the inevitable influences of time, and to the want of a special sectional interest around which to organize itself. But it exists. This feeling, and that of the immense foreign element in the Northern States, are the chief strength of the Democratic party, and for that reason it is undesirable for the great and general national interests that the party should succeed. There is no Republican policy or measure to which the Southern States as Southern States can fairly object. In any normal party division those States would not be "solid." That they are so is a distinct menace and danger.

But, sure of them, the Democratic party will labor to carry two or three doubtful Northern States, and especially New York. Indeed, even before the election, when, as usual, they were most jubilant, the Democratic papers insisted that the vote of New York was indispensable for Democratic success next year. Since the election this is evident. Now the New York elections of this year and of the last show conclusively that neither party can count surely upon the State, and that the balance of power is held by the independent voters. The real question, therefore, is, which party will probably win those voters. In reply to this question it may be truly said that the Republicans have shown how to lose them, but the Democrats have never known how to gain them. They can certainly never be gained by the cowardly and shuffling policy of dodging the real issues. The independent voters, for instance, are generally civil service reformers, and, except in Pennsylvania, revenue reformers. The Democratic course upon both these questions has strongly repelled both classes, nor can that party seriously change its position upon either without risk of greater harm than advantage. It is now, indeed, tolerably clear, as we have said, that its shuffling and silence will not win: but if it be true that it can not stop shuffling without peril, it is evident that, at this time, the probabilities are strongly against Democratic success next year. To strengthen these probabilities the Republicans, taught by the events of two years, must take no steps backward. There is now something of the old Republican enthusiasm and unity. It is obvious how these have been gained. It is equally obvious how, and how swiftly, they may be lost.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE REFORM RULES.

THE recent amendment by the President of one of the civil service rules is of importance as showing his disposition toward reform, and of still greater importance as committing him to a certain course in his own action. He has now required that the selection among the four eligible candidates for appointment whose names are submitted to the appointing officer shall not be determined by political or religious considerations. This, of course, is a provision that can not be enforced, because the actual reason of the choice can be known only to the chooser. But it relieves the President and the Commission of the charge that the rule as it stood was a device to secure an opportunity for partisan choice among the eligible names. The President distinctly declares that such is not his view, and he accordingly amends the rule, a violation of which is good cause for removal.

Such an amendment justifies the expectation that for the offices to which the President himself nominates and appoints, while he will naturally select men in sympathy with his administration, yet that he will not appoint and remove for mere party advantage, but for reasons of efficient service and of good character. The evidence which the country looks for of the interest and purpose of a President in regard to administrative reform is found not less in the manner and methods of his own discharge of the great Executive function of appointment and removal than in his enforcement of rules affecting the minor positions in the service. Mr. MAHONE expressly and vehemently acquits the Administration of any complicity with his performances in Virginia. This is a timely declaration, because if the Administration were prostituting the civil service in Virginia in the very way which it is the prime object of reform to correct, it would be vain to point to its enforcement of reform regulations in New York and elsewhere.

There is no mistaking a thoroughly earnest Executive purpose of reform. It does not show itself in a merely technical or perfunctory manner. Its signs are as plain as those of a general foreign or domestic policy. President ARTHUR'S attitude toward reform has been, upon the whole, friendly, and there is no doubt that with his observation of public sentiment, and of the excellent practical working of the reformed method, he becomes more and more friendly. It is, however, difficult to understand why he does not see that the presence of a man like Mr. HATTON in a highly responsible position is an inexplicable anomaly in a reform administration. The Republican party is now so fully committed to reform, and the President has given so many proofs of his interest, that any conspicuous inconsistency is the more surprising. His amendment of the rule is excellent, and removes one of the points at which it is probable that Democratic criticism in Congress would have been directed.

A SINGULAR VIEW.

SENATOR LANSING, of the Watertown district, was asked before the election whether, in case of his election, he would be prepared to vote for such measures as the inquiries of the State Civil Service Commission might show to be necessary and expedient, the expediency and necessity, of course, being clear to him. To this question Mr. LANSING replied that he was in favor of enforcing the reform law, and of every other means of promoting political purity, but that he could not answer the second question, because the Constitution of the State treats such promises as a bribe, and it is made a ground of exclusion from the Legislature. The constitutional clause in Article XII. cited by Senator LANSING requires a member of the Legislature to swear that "I have not.... made any promise to influence the giving or withholding" of a vote at his election.

The secretary of the society which wrote the letter to the Senator, in reply to questions upon the subject, has shown conclusively that the intent and spirit of such a prohibition, and not its possible literal construction, is always considered by the courts. If Senator LANSING'S view were correct, if the declarations before an election of certain convictions, and of the purpose to embody them in law—a declaration made with the object of obtaining votes—were to be regarded as bribery, it would be impossible for the people to elect their representatives intelligently. It would be equally unconstitutional for a citizen to accept a nomination upon the usual platform of a party, because such an acceptance would be a declaration that he asked votes for the reason that he held certain views, and would endeavor to carry them out in legislation. This would be a promise of the same kind that he makes in stating that if certain propositions in regard to reform seem to him necessary and expedient he will support them.

The position of Senator LANSING upon this point is untenable. But his course at the last session gave the assurance that his vote would not be wanting if any measure prepared by the Commission should seem to be necessary and expedient—unless, indeed, that course should have operated upon some of his constituents as a bribe or tacit promise of his conduct in the next Legislature, and have induced them to vote for him, in which case it might be a question with the excellent Senator whether he might not be unseated for bribery!

LIGHT WANTED.

JUDGE DAVIS has suggested to the Grand Jury of the Oyer and Terminer a thorough investigation into the frauds recently disclosed in various municipal departments, and, in fact, into the general methods of city administration. It is a most timely suggestion. There is a general conviction that the corruption, the waste, the incapacity, and inefficiency of that administration are enormous, and that reform has no richer field. The charter of the city was contrived by knaves then in command of the city, and contrived for their own purposes. There is general ignorance of the complicated machinery of the city government, and nothing would be more agreeable to the great body of tax-payers and of the people than to know in detail something of the methods of disposing of the enormous revenue which they pay into the city treasury.

The government of the city of New York has long been cited by the skeptics and enemies of popular government as the most striking illustration of its total failure in large and miscellaneous communities. Wasteful, corrupt, and imbecile, they cry, the government of the city of New York is not in itself so deep a disgrace, or so strong an argument against a popular system, as the acquiescence of a vast and intelligent body of citizens in the plunder of their property and the dishonor of the community in which they live. The possession of the City Hall and the control of the administration by a band of vulgar robbers like TWEED and his gang, the submission of a great party to the behests of that squad of swindlers, and the doubt whether they could be expelled without a civil convulsion, they say, not without reason, are quite as discreditable as any situation in any city of the world to which we profess our superiority.

In addition to the investigation by the Grand Jury which Judge DAVIS recommends, it will be remembered that extraordinary powers of investigation into city and county affairs are given by law to the State Civil Service Commission, and we trust that it will not suffer them to be unused. The Commission is empowered to require a sworn statement from all city and county officers of the amount and sources of all their receipts, of the number and salaries of all employés, and in fact a complete, accurate, and detailed statement of all their financial transactions. Is there any reason why the people should not know how much their agents are paid? If there are officers who receive from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars for such services as they render, is anything gained by concealment? And is it not evident that such salaries are corruption funds, and so meant to be? The exposure of all this obscure iniquity is strictly in the path of civil service reform. There is plenty of talk about the extravagance and corruption of the national government, but the dishonesty, fraud, and wild squandering of the municipal government of New York are quite as flagrant, and require as searching and fiery a broom. Mayor EDSON, who has just submitted an admirable code of regulations for appointment and employment in the city service, is made well-nigh powerless by the charter. But the State Commission is in full accord with him, and in the use of all its powers to reveal to public knowledge the abuses and corruption of the city offices it may count upon the most hearty support of the public.

A NATIONAL DEBT OF HONOR.

As the celebration of Evacuation-day in New York will close the series of centennial Revolutionary commemorations, it is a proper moment to suggest that arrears of pay are still due to the descendants of Revolutionary officers. The debts have been acknowledged, and in his admirable oration at Yorktown, two years ago, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop said that he thought this claim "called loudly, even amidst these centennial rejoicings, for equitable consideration and adjustment."

The contract was made with the officers on the 21st of October, 1780, and was confirmed by the Commutation Act of March 22, 1783. In 1790, Mr. Madison tried to persuade Congress to do justice, but it was felt that the country was very poor. But the foreign officers, as we understand, were fully paid, interest and principal, according to the act of Congress of May 8, 1792. On the 13th of May, 1828, Congress fully recognized the debt due to the native officers, and provided for the payment of that part which fell due after March 4, 1826, but no provision was made for that part which accrued from the disbandment in 1783 to 1826. This still remains unpaid, and it is to this that Mr. Winthrop alluded.

On the motion of Mr. Seward, a bill passed the Senate on the 22d of February, 1855—auspicious day!—to pay this remainder of the debt; a similar bill passed the House of Representatives on the 30th of July, 1856, by a large majority; and even the opponents of the measure, who were subsequently secession leaders—Mason, Slidell, C. C. Clay, and others—in a debate in the Senate on the 15th of January, 1857, acknowledged the justice of the "contract" debt. But it is not yet paid. Can any honorable reason be offered for not paying it? Does the money which was solemnly promised to the officers belong in the Treasury of the United States?

AN APPEAL OF THE LADIES.

The committee of ladies who have charge of the distribution of newspapers to the hospitals desire to thank the kind givers, whose generosity is unfailing. Every day several hundred newspapers are dropped in the boxes provided for them at the railway stations and ferries, and they are promptly distributed among readers to whom they bring not only the satisfaction of reading the news, but the gratification of knowing that they are not forgotten. A simpler, easier, and more satisfactory little deed of charity is not possible than that of dropping in the box the newspaper that you have read.

Akin to it is the gift of books. The ladies have found an eager and general demand for books to wile away the long and weary hours when reading is permitted. In almost every house are books that can be spared, if only it were known how great a boon they would be to the sick and suffering inmates of the hospital.

All gifts of books should be sent to that head-quarters of good works and of wise charity, No. 79 Fourth Avenue, and the friendly givers are assured in advance that their gifts are deeply appreciated, and that the little trouble of selecting and sending them would seem very light if the givers knew how very great a pleasure and consolation they afford.

CRITICS OF LUTHER.

In the midst of the Luther jubilee upon the four-hundredth birthday of the great reformer there were two or three dissonant voices, which proceeded from ministers of the Church of Rome. One charged Luther and his supporters with dissolute lives. But even had this been true, the clerical censors could hardly wish to challenge a comparison between Luther, for instance, and the Borgia Pope Alexander VI. If they find no difficulty in accepting such a man as the vicegerent of God, why should anybody else be troubled by the character and habits of Luther, even had they been as bad as the critic might desire to paint them?

Another censor claimed the Church of Rome as the good genius of liberty. This remark recalls that of William Godwin, that the Church of Rome "reposed with a generous confidence upon the folly and blindness of mankind." The censor of whom we speak evidently reposes with equal confidence upon the ignorance of his hearers. The numerous Christian sects in England and this country were cited as against the unity of the Church of Rome. But the unity of that communion is the Czar's peace at Warsaw. The Protestant diversity of form is the proof of religious freedom.

Again, it was urged that Luther's protest was the first step toward agnosticism and infidelity. But the retort is obvious that religion suffers as much from ignorant superstition as from unbelief. Fire is as fatal as frost. Moreover, if Luther leads to unbelief, Rome led to Luther. The excellent clergymen of whom we speak undertake an arduous task when they propose to stem the advance of human thought and to curb religious freedom.

THE IMPORTANCE OF OPERA.

A curious observer asks why it is that nothing occupies proportionately so large a space in the newspapers as reports of the opera, and why the sayings and doings of singers are described with a prolonged detail which implies the utmost public interest. The greatest and most significant public events, he says, are turned off with a paragraph or a line. But day after day the faithful recorder notes the more or less skill with which the tenor struck the high C, and for the hundredth time the soprano's representation of the same character is elaborately described.

Yet the number of people who go to an opera is comparatively very small, and they are not generally readers of newspapers. It is a high-priced luxury, and as Patti in *Lucia* and Nilsson in *Faust* and Gerster in *Sonnambula* are very much on one evening what they are on another, and as their performance in those parts has been familiar for many years to those who can afford the luxury, it is amazing to observe the fullness and elaboration with which the same remarks are made upon it, and the satisfaction with which they are perused. What, he asks, does it mean?

At least this satisfaction must be assumed. The conductors of great journals understand the tastes and wishes of their public, and there would not be the daily recurring descriptions of the same singer in the same part if there were not a public demand for that kind of reading. The explanation doubtless is, the general desire to know what is going on in the world, that is, in the community around the reader, and the fact that he is really more interested in the cold of Patti or the voice of Campanini than in the withdrawal of England from Egypt, or the chance of war between France and China. The curious observer of life must remember that ever since opera began it has been ridiculed and belittled, and yet never until now in New York did an opera-singer receive five thousand dollars a night.

CAMPAIGN FUNDS.

In the New York Republican campaign of this year, which accomplished such gratifying results, there was less money collected and spent than in any campaign of recent years. This fact disposes completely of the assertion of Hubbell and company, and of the defenders of the assessment outrage, that the contributions from the public offices were voluntary. They were not voluntary gifts; they were in effect the price of the places. This year, when the national and State laws stringently forbade assessments, and the public employés were actually free to do as they chose, the amount received from them was very small.

It is to be said to the honor of the State Committee that its action in this matter was conformed both to the letter and the spirit of the law. The treasurer took care to print the law in his circular, that there might be no misunderstanding, and there was no coercion, direct or indirect.

There are, however, large honest expenses at every election, and those who are glad to know that the old system of robbery and extortion to supply a fund has been largely abolished ought to take care by their own contributions that the necessary sum is raised.

LADY HARRIET ACLAND.

It is obvious that the Revolutionary centennial season has aroused New York. Several permanent memorials will be erected upon famous spots, especially along the Hudson, the river which is identified with many of the most important and interesting Revolutionary events. The Chairman of the Tablet Committee of the Saratoga Monument Association has already placed several tablets at noted spots upon that famous field, and it is understood that Lord Carnarvon is considering the propriety of marking with a tablet the spot upon the shore where Lady Harriet Acland left Burgoyne's lines to proceed to the camp of General Gates to attend her husband, who was a prisoner and wounded.

Lord Carnarvon is, we believe, a grandson of Lady Harriet, who is a charming figure in all the stories, and he writes to Mr. W. L. Stone, secretary of the Monument Association, and author of a work upon the surrender, as of other valuable historical works:

> ". . . . Lady Acland was a lady deserving, I fully believe, all the praise you have bestowed upon her, and of as high gifts of mind as she was graceful and charming in person and manner. There is at Killerton a very striking portrait of her by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of which I have the copy here. It is, however, remarkable that in the place where she lived so long and where she died there is little remaining to preserve her memory.
>
> "As I have only just returned from America, I wish I had had your letter in time to have visited Saratoga and considered on the spot the question you ask."

Lord Carnarvon hopes soon to return to this country, when he can visit the battle-field and decide the somewhat delicate question. The name of his ancestress is so closely and romantically identified with the field that such a tablet would be an exceedingly interesting memorial.

PERSONAL.

The *Evening Post* ventures to assert that "a large proportion of the judges" on the bench "hold railroad passes, and have asked for them, or have, in other words, incurred obligations to railroad companies which ought to disqualify them, but do not, for sitting on any railroad case, and which the law ought to make a punishable and disgraceful offense."

—Governor Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, ventilates his "smartness" by inditing a Thanksgiving proclamation which brings verses of the Bible into ridiculous association, and which no clergyman could read from his pulpit without exciting the risibilities of his audience. It was not to this sort of thing that Massachusetts was used aforetime.

—The death of Mrs. John W. Garrett, of Baltimore, has awakened wide-spread sympathy for her bereaved family, and a profound recognition of her many and rare virtues. She had lain unconscious at her home ever since the deplorable accident by which she was thrown from her carriage.

—The late William Cullen Bryant was often humorous in his after-dinner speeches. At a dinner given some time ago in New York to Mr. William Black, the novelist, Mr. Bryant responded to a toast on poetry by saying that, although the novelist has laid society under great obligations, the poet should not be forgotten, since it is to him that we are indebted for some of our most labor-saving productions. "What," he continued, in his gravest manner, "could be more useful, more winning, more worthy of being remembered than that immortal song"—here the audience held themselves in breathless silence—"beginning, 'Thirty days hath September'?"

—Two athletic girls, Miss Teresa Johnson and Miss Laura Saigeman, contended in a swimming match at Eastbourne, England. The distance was one mile, and the prize one thousand dollars. Miss Teresa, who is only fifteen years old, swam in splendid style, and won in thirty-five minutes and thirty-four and a half seconds.

—Mr. Howard Pyle, to whom our readers need no introduction, has given an outward and visible sign of his professional success by building in Wilmington, Delaware, where he resides, a commodious and very pretty cottage, highly artistic inside and outside. Its main room, twenty-five by thirty feet, with lofty ceilings, is a studio; the walls are hung with burlap, whose upper edges are studded with big brass nails, and beneath the large north window, and extending its whole width, is a seat of yellow pine. A mantel-piece of yellow pine, beautifully moulded and marked, stretches above the fire-place of pressed brick. The furniture is of the Colonial period, familiar to the spectators of Mr. Pyle's pictures, and the waxed floors are partly covered with Turkish rugs of antique designs. The inhabitants of Wilmington are justly proud of this building, and of the appreciated genius that made it possible.

—The late Professor John T. Short, of the Ohio State University, was the learned author of a book on American antiquities (published by the Harpers), and of a work called *Historial Reference Lists*.

—Mrs. Frances L. Mace, of Bangor, Maine, has just published a volume entitled *Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets*, which will greatly enhance her reputation as a poet. Some of its contents are already known to readers of the magazines; and the poem "Only Waiting," written in her eighteenth year, and printed in the Waterville (Maine) *Mail*, has found a welcome in almost every hymn-book subsequently issued in this country, and has re-appeared in England also. It is related that John G. Whittier, on first meeting Mrs. Mace, said: "In Bangor I know but two persons, Hannibal Hamlin and thee. I know him from his statesmanship, but I know thee from thy beautiful poems;" and the old Quaker poet has been very prompt and cordial in congratulating Mrs. Mace on the appearance of her new book.

—A learned member of the Paris Academy of Sciences has invented a method of towing barges on rivers by means of two endless chains. If he is as successful with his "grip" as our Brooklyn Bridge engineers are, he is bound to make a sensation.

—The London *News* makes no mistake in saying: "It is clear that the New York audience has recognized Mr. Irving's finest qualities with a positive warmth of admiration, and has seen in him a man who, when all deductions have been made for this defect or that, is distinctly one of the comparatively small group of really great actors whose careers make up the history of the stage. England and America are becoming decidedly international as far as the drama is concerned. We interchange actors and actresses, and of late years it hardly ever happens that the approval of the one people is not accepted and indorsed by the other."

—There is a "club" for working-girls in London. Two nights in the week are devoted to singing, needle-work, and "cutting-out," and five nights to a school, a drill, and instruction in the Bible.

—Lord Chichester has, he says, been studying for many years the subject of a man's right to marry his deceased wife's sister. "I find nothing in Scripture," he declares, "prohibiting those marriages, and I can not think it right that any human law should prohibit or throw disgrace upon what might be a true marriage in God's sight."

—The handsome recumbent statue of the late Dean Stanley, to be placed in Westminster Abbey, is of the finest white marble, the figure being life-size, and in the Dean's dress, with hands clasped across the breast. The monument over the grave of Lady Augusta Stanley records that she was "the beloved wife of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of this collegiate church, ... for thirty years the devoted servant of Queen Victoria and the Queen's mother and children, and for twelve years the unwearied friend of the people of Westminster, and the inseparable partner of her husband's toils and hopes, uniting many hearts from many lands, and drawing all to things above."

—The Egyptian judges, under the new legislation, being called upon to punish slave-dealers, find it difficult to do so, because they have been brought up in the firm belief that the institution of slavery is both politically and religiously legal. They will probably be assisted on the bench by some European judges whose scruples in favor of the "divine institution" are less pronounced.

—The finest Turkish tobacco is produced by about five hundred cultivators on a southeast slope of the Rhodope range of mountains. These men are splendid specimens of Turks, and, strange to say, are remarkable for honesty, urbanity, and simplicity. There are twelve villages of them, and in order to obtain the best tobacco of all, it is necessary to blend the specimens raised in the different villages, according to the nature of the year's crop. This science of blending is very delicate, and the number of connoisseurs equal to the task is few.

—The charming town of Nice is noted for the highness of its death rate and the abundance of its visitors. Works of a gigantic nature have recently been constructed for the supply of water, and the health of the place will doubtless improve, especially since it is intended to purify the river Paillon, which usually presents sewerage, soap-suds, dead animals, and everything but a stream of water. The washer-women of Nice, who are forced to use every stagnant pool formed by the hollows of the river-bed, will have cause to rejoice. And so will the invalids, domestic and foreign.

—The children of working-men and tradesmen in Paris are so often sent into the country to be nursed that more than fifty per cent. of the whole number of children born in that city die in the baby farmers' hands before reaching their second year. The tradesman whose shop is on the ground-floor, and whose sleeping-rooms are on the fourth or fifth floor, could not keep children without losing the services of his wife, whom he needs in his business. If he had children, his wife would be compelled to stay up-stairs and take care of them. The case of the workman is similar. A baby farmer charges five dollars a month for the keep of a baby.

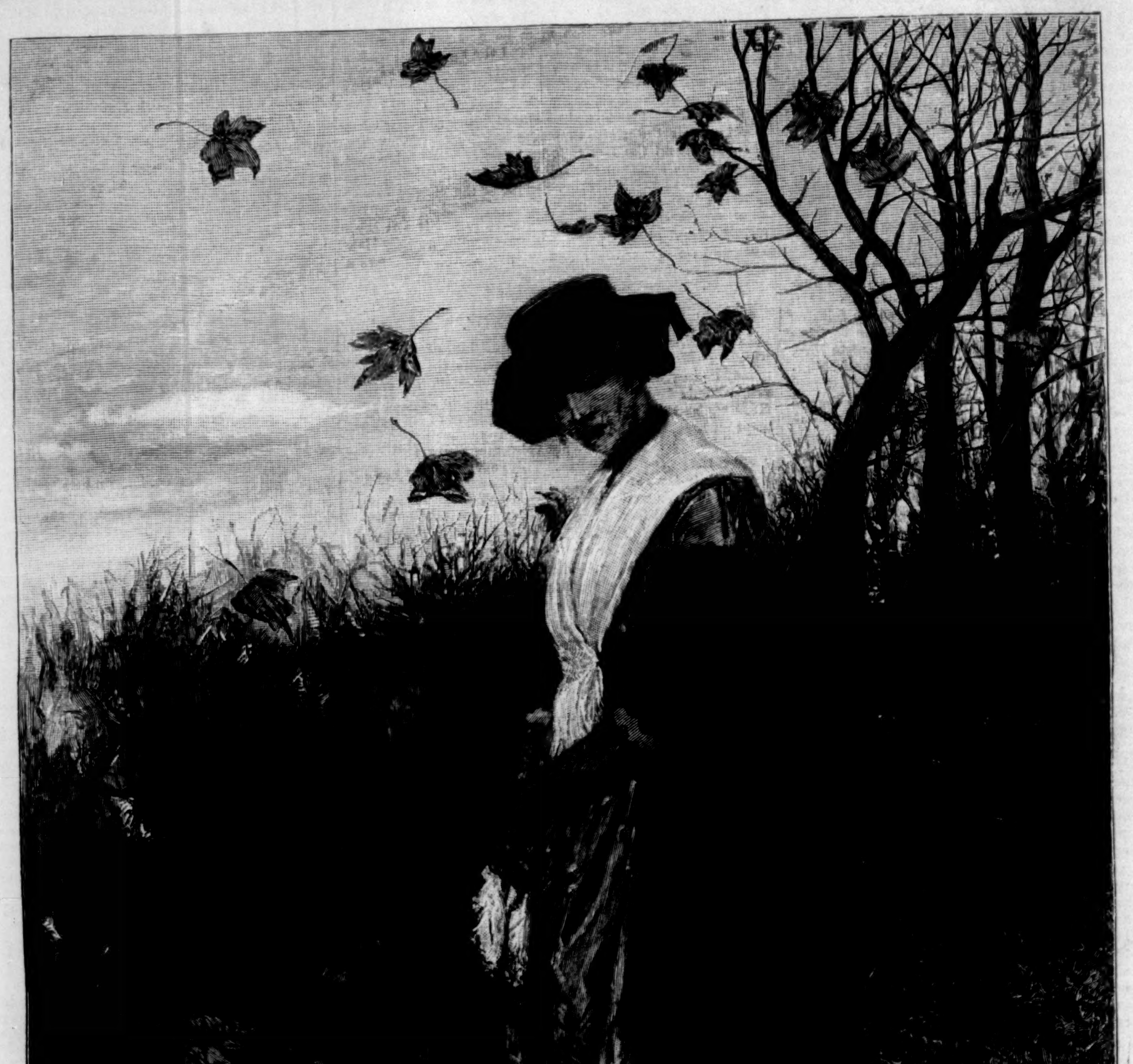
—The "lasting memorial" which it is proposed to raise to Sir Moses Montefiore will very appropriately take a form that will benefit suffering women and poor children. Cottage homes for convalescent persons will be established, especially for those who have been discharged from hospitals after painful operations, and who else would linger long in illness in the vitiated air of unwholesome homes.

—Persons who use stimulating fluids, either with or without the advice of a physician, will find it advisable to note the quantity of alcohol contained in what they consume, this being the stimulant of all wines, spirits, and beer. A pint of beer contains as much alcohol as half a pint of claret, a quarter of a pint of port or sherry, or a wine-glassful of gin, whiskey, or brandy.

—The Bishop of St. David's declares that the notion that the ministers and members of the Church of England occupy a higher social scale than that occupied by the Dissenters is bad and false, and has done more than anything else to imbitter the enemies of that Church.

—Mme. Zieger—better known as Alboni—lives at the little town of Ville d'Avray, France, on a handsome estate called Villa Cenerentola. She delights in taking long walks, always carrying a pedometer so that she may know the exact distance travelled. This exercise keeps her in excellent health, and no one would suppose, from her looks, that she was fifty-six years old.

—Nicodemus, the new Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, is a man of grateful feelings. On reaching Odessa lately he greeted the inhabitants in a short speech, in which he congratulated himself upon being the first Patriarch who ever entered that city alive. "The first Patriarch," he said, "was brought here a corpse," referring to a predecessor who had been beheaded in Constantinople, and brought to Odessa for burial. "I thank God I come to you alive; and I am very pleased to see you, and to remark some of my acquaintances among you." Thereupon he kissed the Mayor and other Greek gentlemen, who doubtless appreciated the courtesy. Nicodemus is sixty-five years old, and ever since his thirty-sixth year has been a "black deacon"; that is, one who takes vows of celibacy in contradistinction to a "white" or marriageable deacon.



"AUTUMN LEAVES."—FROM THE PICTURE BY HOWARD PYLE.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(*Continued.*)

MR. SOTHERAN FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY.

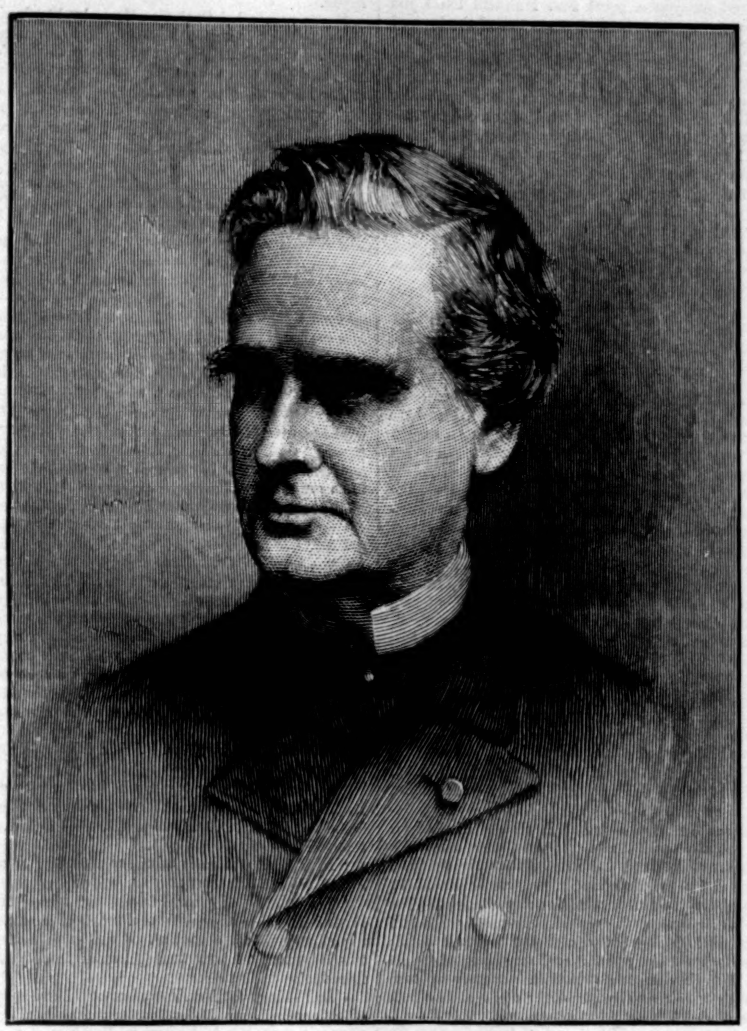
It was rather a disappointment to me, on arriving there, to find that Lady Constance was not alone, nor likely to be so for some little time. Surrounded by a circle of visitors, amongst whom were Mr. Sotheran and that jovial member of the Ministry to whom I have already had occasion to allude, she was commenting upon the last news from the seat of war, and did not allow the current of her observations to be disturbed by my entrance.

"If there is one thing that puzzles me more than another," she was saying, "it is your delight at the success of the Turks. You are as jubilant as if you yourselves had forced the Russians to raise the siege of Silistria; you don't seem to suspect that all Europe is laughing at your army, which can't move, and has to look on while the Turks do the work. When you do begin fighting, what do you expect to gain? Do you even know what you are fighting for? Is it to 'protect an oppressed people from the insolence of a tyrant,' as Mr. Sotheran told his constituents the other day?"

"Well, for that, among other things," good-humoredly answered the Minister, to whom these questions were addressed; "we English may be fools, but give us credit at least for possessing a conscience."

"You represent the sentiments of the nation so admirably," returned Lady Constance, "that I can't understand why everybody should say that you will be out of office before you are much older. You care as much about the oppressed people in the East as you care about the oppressed Poles. You would like to take Egypt, only you daren't do it. You plume yourselves upon your moral cowardice; you shout out that it is a conscience, and all the people cry Amen! Look at Mr. Sotheran, for instance. Mr. Sotheran is a typical Englishman."

The gentleman referred to, who, with his hands folded upon the top of his walking-stick, and his chin resting on his hands, had been studying the pattern of the carpet, assumed a more erect attitude, and cleared his voice. Probably it was not disagreeable to him to be described as a typical Englishman.



THE LATE* J. MARION SIMS, M.D.—Photographed by Mayall.—[See Page 747.]

"Mr. Sotheran," continued Lady Constance, "is possessed of the most reckless physical intrepidity. I can bear witness to that, and so can Mr. Maxwell, who will remember a certain afternoon on the Friedensberg. But morally I am afraid he is not quite up to the mark. I am afraid he made that speech the other day, not because he believed what he was saying, or supposed that anybody else would believe it, but because he felt bound to drop the customary grains of incense upon the altar of the great British god Humbug."

Mr. Sotheran reddened a little, but made no reply; and the Minister rose to take his leave. Lady Constance was evidently not in an amiable temper. By degrees her visitors decamped, looking more or less pained; only Mr. Sotheran held his ground, and received several broad hints with dogged obtuseness. This disturbed me very little, for I was quite determined to sit him out, and I felt pretty sure that, if he did not soon take the initiative, he would be dismissed with a flea in his ear. Also I derived a malicious pleasure from observation of his extreme anxiety to get rid of me. He looked at the clock, he fidgeted about in his chair, he examined his watch; finally he took to throwing me glances of direct and piteous appeal. Mr. Sotheran had never manifested any jealousy of me—nor, for that matter, of any of Lady Constance's admirers; he regarded me, I believe, as a complete nonentity, and if he sometimes found me in the way, did not care to show that he did so. His present uneasiness, therefore, could only be accounted for upon the supposition that he had something particular to say to Lady Constance; and that this was in fact the case was presently shown, when she, losing patience, remarked:

"I see you are looking anxiously at the clock, Mr. Sotheran. Pray don't let me detain you if you have other engagements."

Thus challenged, Mr. Sotheran rose slowly to his feet, and, with an odd mixture of flurry and dignity, opened fire. "I was in hopes, Lady Constance, that I might have spoken a word or two to you in private before I went away; but I have no particular objection to Mr. Maxwell's hearing what I have to say. You were pleased just now to speak of me before several gentlemen, one of whom is a leading member of the political party to which I belong, in a tone which was calculated—perhaps I may add intended—to bring ridicule and discredit upon me. Now I think you will allow that I am not prone to take offense—"

"It is only common justice to you," interpolated Lady Constance, "to say that you are not."

"—but I must be permitted to observe that, if your opinion of me is what your words imply, it is, to say the least of it, strange that you should continue to receive me, and invite me to your house."

The remonstrance was not an unreasonable one in itself, but there was a covert insolence about the manner of its delivery which did not escape me, and which Lady Constance, too, evidently understood. She started up from her chair and took two steps toward the speaker, with a look upon her face which, I frankly confess, frightened me. Her cheeks, always pale, were as white as marble now; her lips were tightly set; two vertical lines had appeared between her brows, under which her eyes were blazing with concentrated anger. The great coarse man whom she faced shrank away from her like a whipped hound. His height must have exceeded hers by nearly a head, but at this moment she seemed positively to tower above him. For about a minute she stood thus, motionless and silent; then, in a low, clear voice, she spoke:

"Say that again, please."

But Mr. Sotheran's courage was not equal to the task required of it. He made a desperate effort to assert himself; he tried to look her in the face, and failed ignominiously; at last he muttered, in a sulky tone, "I suppose you understood what I said."

She disdained to make any rejoinder. With a slight contemptuous movement of her shoulders she turned away and rang the bell.

"Good-by, Mr. Sotheran," she said, curtly.

Mr. Sotheran made as though he would have spoken, cleared his voice, stood first on one leg, then on the other, struggling ludicrously to recover his equanimity, found that recovery was not possible, and finally, picking up his hat, left the room without a word.

"I think I frightened my friend that time," remarked Lady Constance, quietly, as the door closed behind him.

"Indeed you did," said I. "For the matter of that, you fright-

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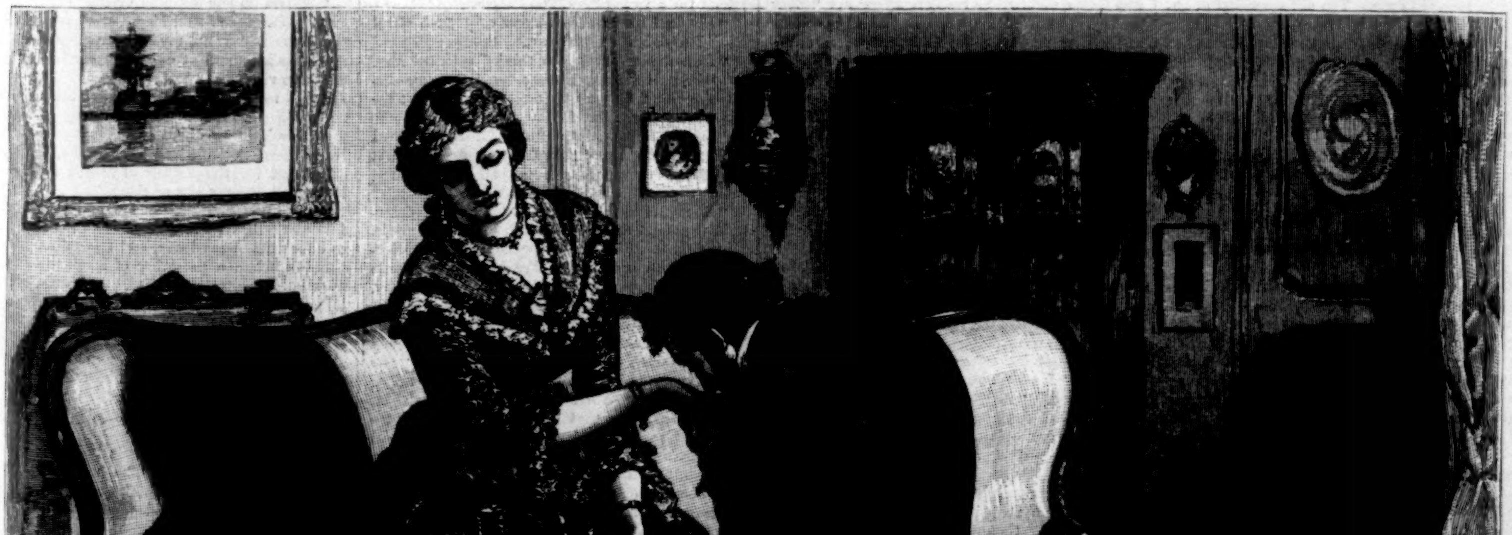
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.



"I CAUGHT ONE OF HER HANDS, AND COVERED IT WITH KISSES."

ened me too. I declare I thought you were going to strangle him."

"It was a triumph of spirit over brute force," said Lady Constance, sedately. "No, it wasn't," she exclaimed, with a swift change of tone; "it was a ridiculous, melodramatic, degrading scene, and I wish you had not been here to look on at it. I was obliged to suit my weapons to my antagonist, though: you can't kill a rhinoceros with swan-shot."

"Anyhow, you were successful," I remarked. "He won't come back here in a hurry."

"He will come back in a day or two," answered Lady Constance. "At least I hope he will," she added, with a bitter laugh; "because, if he doesn't, I shall be driven to send for him."

"Don't say that!" I exclaimed: "I can't bear to hear you talk so. Why do you want the man back? You *don't* want him; it is only because you are in need of money, and because you are afraid of the future, that you keep him hanging about you—isn't that it?"

"Why, of course that is it," she replied, calmly. "You don't suspect me of being enamored of Mr. Sotheran's boiled-gooseberry eyes, do you?"

"I don't believe you would marry him if you were starving!" I cried. "You deceive yourself—you are always trying to make yourself out capable of baseness that is not in your nature. You talk as though you would sell yourself to that pitiable fellow, and yet the moment that he presumes ever so slightly upon his advantage, you are ready to tear him limb from limb. You shall never marry him while I can help it. And we have not reached starvation point yet. See—I have done what you told me to do." And I dropped the bundle of notes into her lap.

She started, and stared at me for a moment with parted lips. Then, to my utter astonishment and dismay, she suddenly burst into tears.

I was down on my knees beside her in an instant. I caught one of her hands, and covered it with kisses; I poured forth I don't know what incoherent absurdities; I besought her to tell me what agitated her so terribly; I swore that no one should harm her while I was alive to stand between her and misfortune—in short, I talked as arrant nonsense as I suppose that most men would have talked in my place.

She regained her self-control as quickly as she had lost it. She drew away her hand, dried her eyes, and— "There!" said she; "you have seen what you won't see a second time, I think. After all, I am only a woman, and my nerves have been completely upset these last few days. Your kindness has put the finishing touch to it all. You are a dear, good fellow, Charley," she added, in a low voice; and as I was kneeling beside her, she passed her hand gently once or twice over my hair, murmuring, "a dear, good fellow—only a very foolish one."

The touch of her fingers seemed to send—for aught I know to the contrary, it *did* send—a succession of electric thrills through me. With my heart beating wildly I looked up into her face, and saw there an expression of great kindness and gentleness, mingled with just a shade of surprise. "Is it possible," I gasped, "that you can care for me a little?"

"I can't make it out," answered she, with a low laugh; "but it seems to me that I do—a little."

Then, in the midst of my exultation, an odd thing happened to me. The old sensation of angry helplessness which had vexed me at Taormina came back with startling vividness. I seemed to see myself swept away by a slow, steady current, which I ought to have struck out against, but could not; I had an intense momentary longing to shake myself free of this woman, and to say to her, "If I am to love you, it shall be by my own will, not by yours." All this passed away directly; perhaps it may have been rather an effect of memory than of any present volition. It did not prevent me from protesting my rapture, my gratitude, my unalterable devotion, while Lady Constance, listening silently, continued to stroke my hair.

However, such soft moods were hardly in accordance with her temperament, nor—for some reason which I can't explain—was I altogether sorry when she resumed her ordinary demeanor. She rose, gathering up the bundle of notes, and moved away a few paces. I, too, scrambled up from my knees, feeling, to tell the truth, just the least bit in the world foolish.

"Do you know, Charley," said Lady Constance, presently, "I never thought you would take me at my word. I was sure that you either couldn't or wouldn't find me this money."

"But you did want it, didn't you?" I asked, anxiously.

"Oh," she exclaimed, drawing a long breath, "if you only knew how I wanted it! I wanted it so much that yesterday I very nearly fell into the jaws of Mr. Sotheran. He would have gobbled me up this very afternoon, I believe; but you came, like Perseus, and the monster fled. It was I who showed him Medusa's face, though," she added, laughing.

"Thank Heaven! you did," I ejaculated, piously. "You won't let him come back again now, will you?"

She made no immediate reply. "This may tide me over into calm water," she said, presently, in a thoughtful tone. "Have you brought me the whole two thousand?"

I nodded. "And five hundred extra, for luck."

"Poor boy! Well, you have saved me from something worse than death, perhaps, and I shall not go through the form of thanking you. I don't suppose that Andromeda thanked Perseus. By-the-bye, what *did* Andromeda do? Do you recollect?"

"She married the hero, and they lived happily ever afterward," I replied, promptly.

"How dull! There is not much chance of the parallel being carried out in our case, however."

"But you said you cared for me a little," I murmured, reproachfully.

"Is that a reason? Don't you think that if I cared for you a great deal I should hand you back your money, and turn you out of the house? But we won't dwell on that ugly thought. It is enough that you can't possibly afford to marry me now. Whether you will be able to afford it some day, and whether when you can afford it you will do it, the answer to both of these questions depends, I imagine, entirely upon yourself."

I did not say much in reply; but I reflected with comfort both then and as I walked home afterward that my fortunes depended no longer upon any action or abstention of mine, but upon the circumstance, which must reach my uncle's ears sooner or later, that down at Richmond there dwelt a queer little being named Jimmy Le Marchant.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I LOSE ALL FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE.

Hardly a day passed at this time that I did not run down to the cottage at Richmond, where I was always made welcome, and where my cousin's sympathy and encouragement were a great comfort to me. I had established thoroughly friendly relations with Paulina and Jimmy, the former of whom decidedly improved upon acquaintance. When she was at her ease, and discoursed in the vulgar tongue natural to her, she was by no means a disagreeable, and at times rather an amusing, companion. Her love for her husband, though it often manifested itself in a querulous guise, was evidently deep and sincere, and the outbreaks of temper at which Harry had hinted never took place in my presence. That they did occur at other times was unfortunately beyond a doubt; for Jimmy met me one day with a fine black eye, for which he accounted by announcing in a matter-of-course way that mother had pitched a lump of coal at him the night before. "Father said he'd give her the stick, though, if she did it again," added the little man, with unfilial glee.

I am bound to say that Paulina showed signs of great contrition and embarrassment after this untoward incident, and I was glad to see that she was at least ashamed of having been found out, though I looked in vain for any change in her behavior toward the victim. Truth to tell, there was no love lost between the mother and child; and this was perhaps the least satisfactory feature in Harry's domestic concerns. Paulina seldom spoke of her son by any other name than "that brat," and Jimmy informed me, with that simplicity of language which distinguished him, that he hated his mother like poison. Upon my rebuking him, he put it to me whether I shouldn't hate any one who pulled my hair, and banged my head against the wall—a query which I evaded ignobly by asking him if he had never heard of the Fifth Commandment. He replied that he had, but that father didn't think much of the Ten Commandments, adding, triumphantly: "And no more do I. I don't think much of the Bible at all. Father never reads his Bible, and mother says he'll be sorry for it after he's dead; but I don't believe it, because she reads hers, and it don't make her any better. She's a regular bad one—blow me tight if she ain't!"

I endeavored to point out to him that his logic was faulty, and that he really must not say, "Blow me tight!" but he answered that the boys down at the river made use of the expression, and proceeded to run over a string of far more objectionable flowers of speech which he had culled from the same prolific soil.

All this, together with Jimmy's remarkable precocity, seemed to render it highly desirable that he should be sent to school as soon as might be; but Harry paid very little heed to the representations which I took the liberty to make upon this point, and one can't very well tell a man that neither he nor his wife is suitable company for their own child. I could only hope that better times were in store for all three of them, little as they appeared to contemplate or desire any change of circumstances.

Once I broached the forbidden subject of Harry's possible return home to Paulina, and was surprised to find her strongly opposed to any such scheme. "He don't want to see his father again," she affirmed. "Anyhow, he says he don't; and Lord knows I don't want him to! He's very well as he is, in my opinion. But one thing I'm determined on—if ever he goes to Norfolk, I go with him."

I said I sincerely hoped she would, whereupon she turned on me with an angry gleam in her eyes, declaring that she knew very well what I meant when I spoke in that polite voice, and that she was not going to be talked out of her rights. "Harry can't say but what I've been a good and obedient wife to him, though he does try me so at times that I can hardly keep my hands off his face. I'll do whatever he tells me to do, good or bad, and he may go away and travel for months, without so much as leaving an address, and I sha'n't make no complaint; but to be pensioned off and told to stand o' one side after all these years is what I'll not submit to—that's flat!"

I was unable to convince her that no such sacrifice would be required of her—perhaps in my heart of hearts I was not quite convinced of it myself—and perceiving that she could not be enlisted as an ally, I thought it better to let the subject drop.

But Mrs. Le Marchant was not often so aggressively disposed. Once or twice I hired a boat, and took the whole family out on the river, and it was upon these occasions that Paulina appeared to enjoy herself most. Living the secluded life that she did, even those unexciting jaunts were a treat to her; and it was pathetic to see how at such times she would try to attract her husband's notice by an assumption of that sprightliness which may have possessed charms for him in former years, but which, it must be owned, did not sit very gracefully upon a person of her age and figure.

Harry responded to these efforts by blank silence, by faint smiles, occasionally by an ironical word or two that brought flames into Paulina's eyes and cheeks. I wondered sometimes whether he knew what he was doing, or whether he was merely what he appeared to be—good-humoredly indifferent. Certainly I never heard him speak harshly to his wife, despite the provocation which she often gave him in her anger.

It was about the middle of July when an incident occurred which compelled me to modify in an important particular the estimate that I had formed of my cousin's character. Walking up from the station toward Harry's house one evening, and turning a corner sharply, I ran full tilt against a veiled lady, whose form and gait seemed somehow familiar to me. I apologized, and probably should have passed on without taking any further notice of her if she had not started so violently as to invite closer scrutiny. It then became clear to me that I was in the presence of no less a person than Mrs. Farquhar. Great as my surprise was, it was altogether surpassed by her confusion; and from the agitated and eager manner in which she hastened to inform me that she had been to see her friend Mrs. Macpherson, who had taken a house at Richmond for the summer, I could not but perceive that the old lady was not telling the truth, or, at all events, not the whole truth. It was no part of my duty to set her more at her ease, so I asked her whether she didn't find two thick veils rather stifling in the dog-days. But Mrs. Farquhar was not the woman to be put out of countenance for many minutes. She answered that veils were more necessary in summer than in winter, on account of the dust, and then turned the tables upon me by saying, "And pray what may you be doing here?"

"I also am on my way to visit a friend," I replied.

"Ay, ay," said she; "you will have plenty of friends here, I dare say. They tell me that Richmond is a favorite resort of people of—doubtful reputation."

"Dear me! you don't allude to Mrs. Macpherson, surely," I observed.

"I'm talking of *your* friends, not mine," returned Mrs. Farquhar, severely. "Since we have met, I may just avail myself of this opportunity to tell you that I hear strange accounts of your friends."

Considering that Mrs. Farquhar and I had parted, a twelvemonth before, upon the most affectionate terms, this looked very like an open declaration of hostilities, and I had no doubt in my own mind that she had decided upon once more rejecting me in favor of Harry, and had just visited him in order to make known her intentions. It so happened that I asked for nothing better than such a change of front, while as for any feelings of animosity that Mrs. Farquhar might harbor against me, I was more curious to learn the cause of them than troubled by the fact of their existence.

"Will you explain yourself?" I asked, blandly.

"To be sure I will," she answered, without a moment's hesitation. "That Lady Constance Milner whom you picked up, or rather who picked you up, abroad, is not what I would call a safe friend for a young man."

"But perhaps you don't know very much about her," I took leave to suggest.

"I know more than you think," retorted Mrs. Farquhar, nodding a flowery bonnet at me impressively. "I'm an old woman, and I don't see much of society, but I have acquaintances who are better informed than myself, and when I make inquiries about your Lady Constance, what do I find? Why, that she is just one of those ladies whom decent people don't care to visit."

"Really, Mrs. Farquhar," I said, "your informants appear to be rather rash in their statements. Lady Constance Milner is the sister of Lord Rossan, who was my chief at Franzenshöhe; she is pretty well known in what is called good society, and this is the first time that I have heard a word breathed against her character."

"Am I speaking of her character?" returned Mrs. Farquhar, not in the least abashed. "She may have a character, or she may have none; I'm willing to give her the benefit of the doubt. What I said was that decent people don't care to visit her, and to that I stick. Moreover, I know that she has run through all her money, and won't scruple to run through yours if ever she gets the chance. Now I think I have explained myself, and as I have to find a fly and drive down to the railway, I'll wish you good-evening."

I certainly could not complain of any want of explicitness on Mrs. Farquhar's part, and I thought I would not pursue the topic. In common civility I could do no less than offer to fetch a fly for her, and she said I might do that if I liked.

"I wonder Mrs. Macpherson did not think of sending you down in her carriage," I remarked, just by way of letting her see that I knew very well where she had been last.

"Mrs. Macpherson does not keep a carriage," Mrs. Farquhar replied, an obstinate look coming over her face, which I took to mean that wild horses should not drag any compromising revelations from her. "I'll just sit down on yonder bench and wait for you," she added, suiting the action to the word; and when I had performed my errand she bade me good-by, saying that she would tell my uncle that she had seen me.

"Do, Mrs. Farquhar," I answered; "and tell him at the same time that my friends at Richmond are not bad people, though I must confess that they are not in society. Lady Constance Milner, as perhaps you know, lives in London, and notwithstanding the testimony of your informants, I must continue to believe that decent folks visit her."

"Keep your opinion, and I'll keep mine," rejoined Mrs. Farquhar. "We shall see who is right if we live long enough." With which she told the coachman to drive on, and was presently lost to sight.

I proceeded thoughtfully on my way toward Clarence Cottage, feeling that a crisis was at hand, and by no means sorry for it. Nothing but an unequivocal crisis could disentangle the threads of my present and future life; it would be a clear gain, too, to be freed from the various engagements of secrecy which I had permitted to be imposed upon me, and which I had found very irksome of late in more ways than one.

"So you have had a visit from Mrs. Farquhar," I said to Harry, whom I found leaning over his garden gate.

"*I* have a visit from Mrs. Farquhar!" he ejaculated, removing his cigar from his lips, and staring at me in blank amazement. "From my revered grandmother, do you mean? What on earth are you talking about?"

I was so positive as to the fact that it had never occurred to me to suppose that Harry would deny it, and I was a good deal offended by the apparent want of confidence shown in his reply. "I have just seen and spoken to her," I said, in an aggrieved tone.

"Well?"

"Well; I took it for granted that she had been here."

"But she didn't tell you so, I presume?" observed Harry, smiling.

"She didn't tell me so, certainly; but I felt no doubt whatever upon the subject; and, to tell you the honest truth, I feel none now."

"You are not complimentary," Harry remarked.

"You haven't said yet that she has not been here," I answered, bluntly. "If you do, of course I shall believe you."

Harry laughed outright. "You seem to think I have a very pretty talent for prevarication," said he. "I assure you the old lady hasn't been to see me. In years gone by she used to arrange meetings with me from time to time, and she was always good for a tenner, which was very convenient. But since your star has been in the ascendant she has dropped me like a hot coal. I gave up writing to her as a bad job ever so long ago."

After that I could only congratulate myself upon my prudence in not having mentioned Harry's name to Mrs. Farquhar, as indeed I had been upon the point of doing. I told him of this, and he whistled, remarking that it might have been rather awkward if I had let the cat out of the bag. "Not that the old lady would have been likely to pay me a call; still, she might have taken it into her head to do so, and I don't care to let her know that I am married, you see."

"My dear fellow, that's the very thing you ought to let her know!" I cried. "It's the very thing that would make all the difference to you, if you would only consent to let my uncle hear of it."

But Harry answered, with some impatience, that we had already discussed that question, and were not likely to agree about it; and after we had speculated a little upon the cause of Mrs. Farquhar's obvious embarrassment on being recognized by me, we began to talk about other matters.

"Whom do you suppose Charley saw this afternoon, Paulina?" said Harry, when we went into the house. "Why, my old grandmother. He made up his mind at once that she had been to pay us a visit, and I had some trouble in persuading him to believe that we hadn't been honored so far."

"I don't know about honor," grumbled Paulina, sullenly. "She hasn't been here, that's certain; and for the matter of that, I don't want her here—nor yet any of them."

Now, after all this, my stupefaction at what followed will, I think, be considered excusable.

I had taken my leave, and was walking down the hill, when a pattering of small feet behind me caused me to look round, and Jimmy, breathless and excited, dashed up to me. "Oh, Cousin Charley," he gasped, "have you heard the news? Such a funny old woman has been to see us, and she says she's my great-grandmother. She talked to father ever so long, and she cried—oh, my! how she did cry! And she gave me this," concluded Jimmy, triumphantly, holding up a bright sovereign.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed; "this really does beat everything! Jimmy," I went on, feebly, "there must be some mistake. Are you sure—quite sure—that the old woman saw your father?"

Jimmy nodded repeatedly. "I should just think she did!" said he. "You ought to have seen her cry! Isn't it very silly for grown-up people to cry? And father kissed her, and so did mother, and so did I, when she gave me the quid, and—" But here he suddenly broke off, and put his forefinger in his mouth with a look of apprehension. "P'r'aps it's a secret, though," he said. "Do you think it's a secret, Cousin Charley?"

"Eh?—what?—a secret? Oh yes, I should think it is. Sure to be!" answered I, endeavoring to collect my scattered wits.

"My wig! I say, you won't let on about my telling you?" said Jimmy, evidently much alarmed.

"No, I won't let on," I answered. "I don't suppose you'll say anything about it at home, either?"

"No fear!" returned the urchin, shaking his head. Then he said he must go, and withdrew in a sober and chastened mood.

I don't know whether he would have been shocked at hearing that his father had told me a monstrous falsehood—probably not. But in any case it seemed best to keep that knowledge from him. As for me, I felt that my faith, not in Harry only, but in humanity at large, had received a crushing blow. "If he had at least had the grace to look a little ashamed of himself," I thought, indignantly, "it would have been something; but to lie in that unblushing way, it was enough to bring the roof down upon him! And Paulina too!—she was just as bad. Oh, Ananias and Sapphira couldn't hold a candle to them! Well, one lives and learns; I shall never believe in man, woman, or child again."

However, I did Jimmy the justice to remember that he, at least, had been no party to the fraud. I was so disgusted with his ungrateful and untruthful parents that, if it had not been for him, I would have washed my hands of them then and there, being now quite convinced that they were not worthy of the sacrifice which I had contemplated making for their sake.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Frederick Douglass is the most conspicuous American of African descent, and his career is a striking illustration of the nature of free popular institutions. Born a slave, he is to-day, by his own energy and character and courage, an eminent citizen, and his life has been a constant and powerful plea for his people. Over infinite disadvantage and prejudice, his patience, intelligence, capacity, and tenacity have triumphantly prevailed, and in himself he is a repudiation of the current assertions against the colored race. Mr. **Douglass**'s address at the late Colored Convention showed a comprehension of the situation of the colored people in this country which justified the regard in which he is held, and which explains the leadership that he has held so long. Its tone toward his people is not that of flattery and sentimentality, but of rebuke and exhortation; and he understands, if no other colored man perceives, the immense and crushing power of that prejudice which overwhelms a race whose color is an ineffaceable sign and suggestion of prolonged servile bondage.

The story of Mr. **Douglass**'s early life has been told by himself with a simplicity and power which make his autobiography one of the most striking and unique books in our literature. There is no closer and more intimate view of slavery as it was fifty years ago, and it is impossible to read it to-day as a tale of recent American life without incredulity. No man who directly or indirectly, by sophistry, or evasion, or resolute refusal to know the truth, sustained the system of slavery, can read the narrative of **Frederick Douglass** without sorrow and remorse. Three books contain the most complete and vivid picture of American slavery in its details, in its spirit, and in its influence upon master and slave, and upon industry and society. These are **Douglass**'s narrative, **Olmstead**'s *Sea-board Slave States*, and Mrs. **Stowe**'s *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Careful study of these reveals the nature of the malign power with which good men at the South as elsewhere were called to contend.

Frederick Douglass was born in Talbot County, Maryland, sixty-five or sixty-six years ago. Like all slaves, he was not permitted to know his age, but he supposes, from the conversations of his master which he overheard, that he was about seventeen years old in 1835. His master was probably his father, and he was at different times a field hand and hired out to mechanical work in town. He was partially taught to read by a kind mistress, whose husband "stopped the nonsense" as soon as he knew it, and he taught himself by stealth to write. He was undoubtedly a very clever boy, and it was perhaps an instinctive apprehension that his cleverness might make his fellow-slaves troublesome which caused him to be frightfully flogged and abused in the hope of breaking his spirit. Fortunately the savage treatment stimulated rather than subdued his manhood, and when living near Baltimore in 1835 he organized a party of his comrades to attempt to escape. The scheme was betrayed, and he expected to be sent to Alabama; but this doom was averted, and, waiting patiently a little while, on the 3d of September, 1838, he quietly left Baltimore by a railroad train, and soon after reached New York, at two o'clock in the morning.

He was working in a ship-yard at the time, and observing a sympathy for his race among the sailors, he thought that he could disguise himself as a sailor and so escape. He had caught the air and the vocabulary of sailors, and carefully dressing himself and carrying a "protection," which he does not say how he procured, and knowing that if he offered to buy a ticket he would be exposed to a searching examination, he jumped on the train after it was in motion. The disguise was so good that men who knew him did not recognize him. The conductor, passing through the cars, asked for his free papers, and **Douglass**, with a sailor's air, showed his protection, and said that he did not carry his papers to sea, from which he had just returned. So the slave became a freeman, and the most powerful witness against the woes of the house of bondage found his tongue.

In 1841, at an antislavery convention at Nantucket, Mr. **Garrison** first saw Mr. **Douglass**, who had vaguely heard of the abolitionists, and was curious to know what they proposed to do. He was persuaded to address the convention, and after apologizing for his ignorance, the slave of three years before spoke with such force and eloquence that Mr. **Garrison** said that he had never hated slavery so intensely as at that moment. From that time Mr. **Douglass** was one of the most popular and powerful of the antislavery orators, and his life was devoted to arousing public sentiment, that the liberty which he had gained for himself might be secured for his fellow-victims of slavery. He shared the fate of all the antislavery pioneers. He was denounced, mobbed, and pursued, and the very fact that he was a living example of the abuses of his race seemed to give peculiar malignity to the hatred with which he was regarded. If such men were slaves, how unspeakable was the wrong of slavery to humanity! **Isaiah Rynders**, who says in a recent statement that he "got mad with **Garrison** because he was an infidel," replied to a speaker in one of the antislavery meetings who cited **Douglass** as evidence of the equality of the races, "That won't do; he is half white, and that accounts for him." "Oh," retorted **Douglass**, "then I am only your half-brother," which, Captain **Rynders** adds, was "as good a shot as ever I got in my life."

In later years Mr. **Douglass** has been an editor, a popular lyceum lecturer, and a devoted Republican orator. He was a Republican Presidential Elector in New York, and he has been Marshal of the District of Columbia. His address, of which we have spoken, at the late Colored Convention, was the wisest word that has been spoken for his race for many a year. He is still a Republican, but he exhorts his brethren to subordinate party attachment to their own welfare. Mr. **Douglass** is one of the most interesting figures in the country, and no American career has had more remarkable and suggestive vicissitudes than his.

George William Curtis.

THE EVACUATION, 1783.

No part of the country suffered as did New York from the pains of the Revolution. More than half its territory—and that the most populous and important—lay for seven years in the power of the invader. It could have neither privateers nor trade. It had no sea-board. Its fine river and harbor were used for its destruction. Of its remaining territory the larger part was in the very track of the war. The savage inroad of **Burgoyne** from the north left everywhere traces of desolation. The merciless **Clinton** covered the shores of the Hudson with the proofs of his barbarity. Towns, villages, and farms he laid in ruins. But even all this might have been borne had not our distracted State been threatened and harried along its borders by the constant invasions of the Indians, and in the interior by the plots and turbulence of the Tories. It is wonderful that Governor **Clinton** and his almost fugitive Legislature were able to maintain its independence, collect their taxes, and contribute so large a share of men, arms, and money to the Continental armies. **Clinton**, the **Livingstons**, **Willett**, **Schuyler**, **McDougal**, **Varick**, **Roosevelt**, **Platt**, and, above all, a patient, courageous people, carried New York through seven years of pains and sorrows such as few communities ever bore.

And now suddenly had come the almost unlooked-for liberation. The invaders, beaten, were about to escape sullenly from the fallen city. It was once more free. For the first time in seven years of captivity New York Island, Staten Island, and Long Island were to hear the notes of their national music, and listen to the voice of peace.

Here, on the 25th of November, 1783, was performed the last act of the war of liberation. The people of New York took possession of their metropolis. For seven years of expectation, doubt, fear, or exultation **Washington** had never ceased to keep his eyes fixed upon the city from which he had fled in 1776 a beaten general. He had hoped to snatch it away from the foe by some swift strategy or bold attack. He had won it at last in Virginia, and now was to enter it in peace. The day, the scene, rise upon us at its hundredth anniversary. In the morning of the 25th a detachment of the American army had marched from Harlem as far as Grand Street; the English troops retired at their approach. The Americans took possession of the forts, lines, intrenchments, so long held by their foes. The English and the Tory exiles moved slowly down to the Battery, and embarked in the great fleet of war-ships and transports that filled the bay. Reluctant, sad, they passed through the ruined city, symbols of a dying past, adherents of a political creed long since banished from among men.

But at the upper end of the island all was exultation and hope. Escorted by the Westchester Light Guards, and followed by a crowd of citizens and patriot exiles returning joyfully to their homes, two eminent men rode down together from Harlem to the city. One was **Washington**, pale, care-worn, exultant, full of hope, and one Governor **George Clinton**, active, brave, sincere, the war-Governor of New York. They were both on horseback, of fine appearance and striking carriage. Both were sincere friends of the people, possessed of the very spirit of reform. To **Clinton** New York owes its common schools and its general education; to **Washington** its freedom to follow knowledge. They rode together on that auspicious day along Bowery Road, down Queen, or what is now Pearl Street, through Wall to Broadway, amidst a crowd of rejoicing citizens, and saw for the first time in seven years the fair city of their love. But what a change! They came to a city of ruins. How had not New York suffered? It was a picture of despair, lightened only by the new era of hope.

In the evening there was a memorable dinner at Fraunces' Tavern, on the corner of Broad and Pearl streets. The room is still shown, almost unchanged, where **Washington**, **Clinton**, and the heroes of New York met at this triumphal banquet. Its fare was solid and plain. Toasts were pledged to all who had aided the cause of freedom—the French King, the United Netherlands, the Northern powers. With one heart they exclaimed: "May America be the asylum to the persecuted of the earth!" "May the remembrance of this day be a lesson to princes!" "The memory of the heroes who have fallen for our freedom." All was excitement and hope. A display of fire-works was given a few days later. Of the touching traits of the festal season were the congratulations (November 29) offered to **Washington** and **Clinton** by the exiled patriots, and their replies. "May the tranquillity of your city be perpetual!" wrote **Washington**; "may the ruin be repaired!" "To your sufferings, and the invincible spirit with which they were surmounted," wrote **Clinton**, "I have been witness."

The 25th of November was long the great day of New York. **Lambert**, who landed here in 1807, describes it in its early ardor. The military assembled, the people came out in crowds. The Continentals, in buff and blue, acted again the scenes of the evacuation; they took possession of the abandoned forts, and marched in triumph to the Battery. Slowly the observance died away. Yet it is the celebration of the new birthday of New York. No State had suffered so much from the terrors of war, none profited so largely from their results. The city sprang up at once from its ruins to become the metropolis of the continent. Its people were full of energy and hope, its wharves were hid in a forest of masts, its streets were gay with trade. In the seventeen years from the evacuation to 1800 its population rose from 20,000 to 60,000—a threefold increase; it passed on before Philadelphia and Boston, and was the chief city of the West. It is well for New York to celebrate yearly the birth of its freedom with glad rejoicings, and remember with tender gratitude the brave and honest souls who in their sufferings laid the foundations of its prosperity.

Eugene Lawrence.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is pleasant to observe that a person of inventive genius has turned his attention to the needs of oarsmen without producing a new kind of rowlock. His invention is a contrivance consisting of a combination of mirrors fastened to a light cap, for enabling an oarsman to see over the bow of his shell without turning his head. Thus, by wearing one of them, Courtney could see the finish of a race in which he was a contestant.

On a first night at a West End (London) theatre, just after one of the actresses had disclosed herself amid appropriate surroundings, and softly breathed, "How lovely is the night, and the solemn calm that prevails!" there was a tremendous crash of falling scenery, and the maiden was frightened nearly to death. Concerning the incident, the *Court Journal* observes: "There is a great deal of this tumbling about of property and scenery of late. When some fair being is knocked out of her being, the Lord Chamberlain will see to the fixings."

A Chinese restaurant has been opened in Paris in which patrons may be served with such Oriental delicacies as bird's-nest soup, smoked sharks' fins, dried cuttle-fish, salted rat, and eggs that have been purposely kept till they have become opaque and unsuitable for hatching purposes. It is said that the last-named dish requires that the eggs shall be covered with a mixture of cinders, chalk, lye, soda, powdered licorice root, and oil, and left by themselves for several months. The edible bird's-nests are built by a species of swallow. They are boiled in chicken broth or in milk of almonds. The experiment of the Chinese restaurateur is in its beginning as yet.

In Pennsylvania a skull has been unearthed which measures forty inches in circumference at the forehead. It is conjectured that the man died on the morning following his celebration of a Democratic victory at the polls.

The preponderance of spinsters in Boston receives a noteworthy illustration in the fact that when a cat show and a chrysanthemum show were held recently in neighboring halls there, the receipts from the cat show exceeded those from the show of flowers by some seventy-five dollars.

Nothing came of the plot to tar and feather the Lord Mayor of Dublin while he was attending a meeting of the University Philosophical Society at Trinity College. Maybe the plotters were placated by the assurance that he would let it be the last time he would attend a philosophical society meeting.

In a Boston household was a cat named Bianca. The pet died, and was buried in the yard. Over its grave was placed a slab, on which the eldest child had printed the deceased creature's name, "Beeyanker."

"They are not wanted any more," said a policeman in the Tombs, as one hundred and ten men were sentenced as vagrants for terms varying from three to six months; "they had a soft time for thirty days before election, and will have a hard time for three hundred and thirty-five days." The experience of these citizens, and of those who have flocked to Washington in the hope of obtaining offices which the Democratic Congressmen have to dispense, shows how imprudent it is to resolve to live by politics with nothing to fall back on.

Hannibal Hamlin was never known to wear an overcoat. Nor was he ever known to wear that anxious, "Am I getting the pneumonia?" look of the overcoatless dudes of this wind-swept metropolis.

Some of the most characteristic stories of steamboat travel on the great Western rivers are associated with the bar-rooms of the immense craft that ply on those waters. In almost every instance, perhaps, they have passed through the process of amplification in the fancy of the successive narrators, but there has been usually something more in the way of foundation than a mere suggestion. The movement which has been going on for some little time for the abolishing of bars on the Mississippi and Ohio river boats promises to do away with liquor-selling on all the boats of those waters. This is a reform of greater dimensions than would be that of shutting up the closets in which liquor is sold on the steamboats of the Sound and the North River. The reason for the abolition of the bars on the Western boats seems to be mercenary, the owners believing that the room devoted to their liquor trade will be more valuable if occupied in other ways.

A farmers' congress is to be held next month in Kentucky, and somebody asks why the lawyers of the country don't hold a congress somewhere. Bless you, they do: at Washington, in the Capitol, every winter.

Two missionary men of the sect known as Plymouth Brethren were travelling in Persia, partly for business and partly for pleasure. In the course of their journeying they converted a beautiful Armenian widow. Humanity forbade that they should leave her to the persecutions of her heathen relations, and propriety forbade them to travel about with their convert. So it was agreed between the missionaries that they should cast lots to see which of them should marry her. This part of the proceedings, by-the-way, is probably what recommended the story to the London *Life*, in which paper it appears. Well, the one to whom the lot fell promptly married the widow, and he lived happily with her until she died. The fortunate missionary was Lord Congleton, whose death was recently announced.

When the future tabulator of facts puts it down that in the winter of 1883 the opera singers in New York produced a macaroni famine, the question as to where Italian opera has received the most encouragement can be settled by reference to statistics as often as it arises.

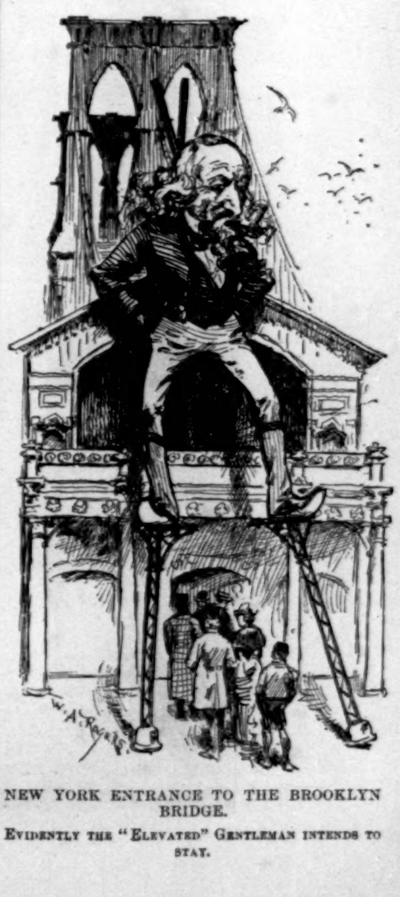
An east-side Chinese laundryman of the name of Sam Chin had his name anglicized before putting it on his sign. It now appears as Sam Jaw.

An old lady from the country sat all the afternoon recently in the new Senate-chamber, in Albany, listening to the arguments of a distinguished lawyer before the Court of Appeals, and industriously knitting. As she was departing, after the court had adjourned, she said to the superintendent of the Capitol, "The man that delivered the comic lecter was pooty fair, but I've hearn better."

Of the painting which the Queen has commanded an English artist to execute, a large picture representing the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, "as seen from the position where the Duke of Connaught was with his regiment of Guards, Mr. Labouchere writes: "It will, I presume, be a companion picture to the well-known work of art entitled 'London in a Fog.'"

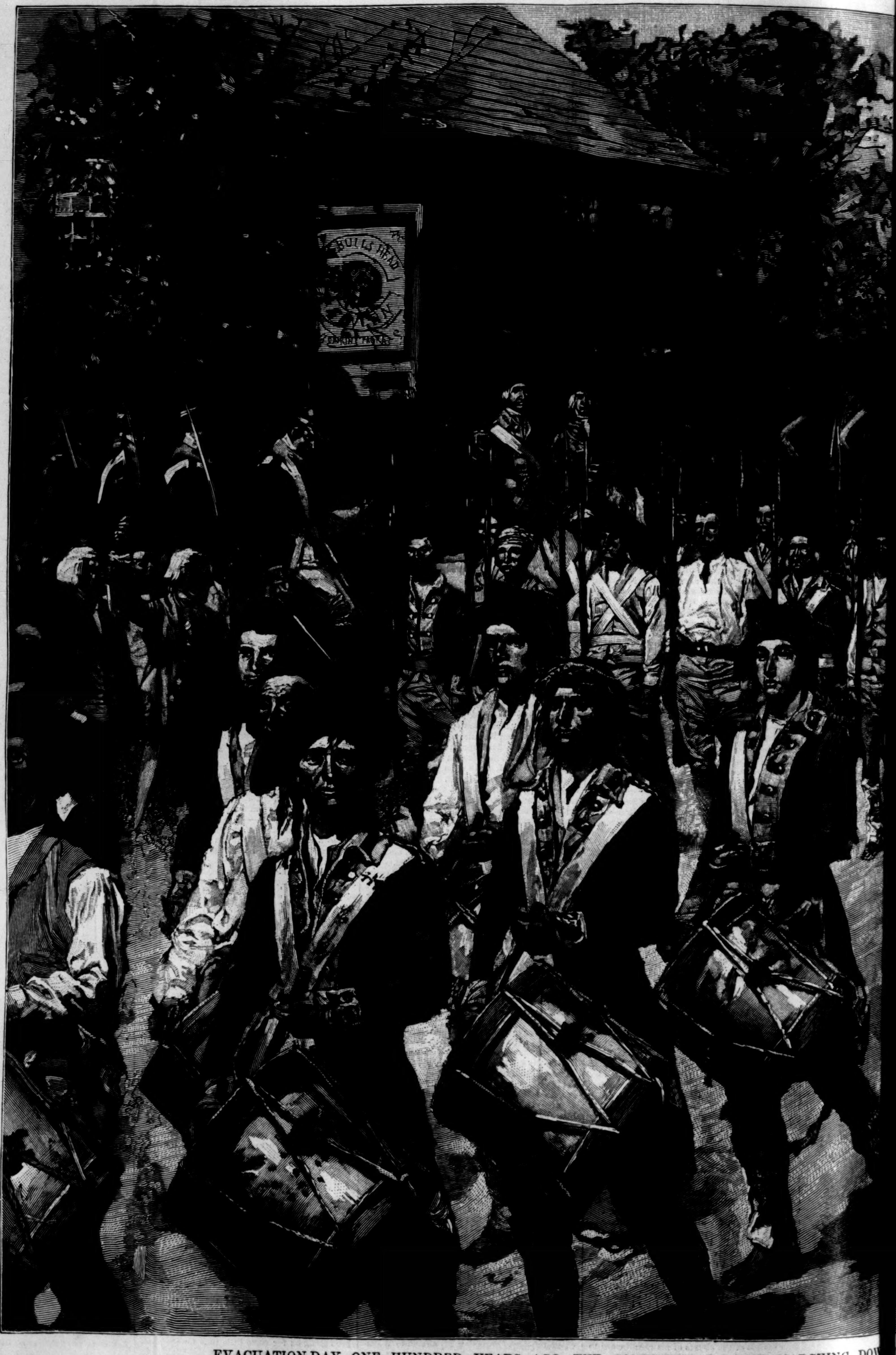
It is claimed by the officers of the government secret service that every man in the United States who is known ever to have been engaged in counterfeiting Federal money or securities is so closely watched by detectives that he can not work in connection with other counterfeiters without detection. This claim is supported by the fact that when city detectives were recently detailed to watch a suspected gang of counterfeiters they found the criminals already closely "shadowed" by secret service men. The requirements of successful counterfeiting are in this age such that one man working alone can accomplish nothing.

"Quaker Indians" is the Colorado name for the Moquis—an inoffensive tribe, some of whom are held as slaves by the Navajoes.

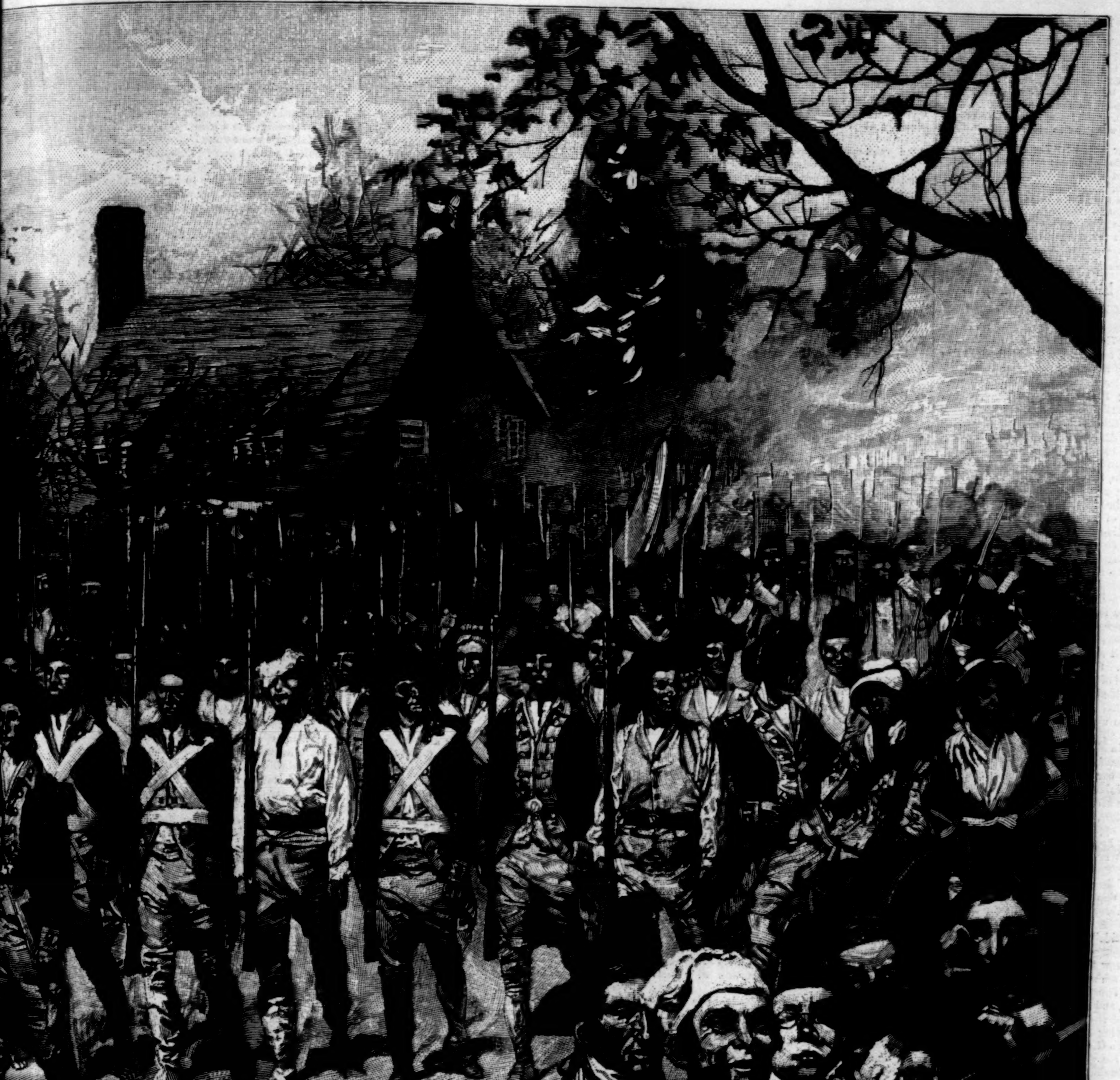


NEW YORK ENTRANCE TO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

Evidently the "Elevated" Gentleman intends to stay.



EVACUATION-DAY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—THE CONTINENTAL ARMY MARCHING DOW



HE OLD BOWERY, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1783.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 743.]

TWO MOTHERS.

A MOTHER whose pale face was worn with weeping
Gazed with sad eyes upon her only child,
A lovely girl who, though the death-sleep sleeping,
As if of heaven dreaming, softly smiled.
And "Must I part, beloved, from thee forever?"
She cried, in anguish, as she bent to kiss
The smiling mouth. "Ah! woe is me, there never
In all the world was grief as great as this."

Spake then another mother: "There is sorrow
Which makes thine gladness; sorrow so unblest
That it sees naught but waking every morrow
With the old pain, from sleep that brought no rest;
Sorrow that deems *thy* grief a blessing, knowing
That she thus lost to thee is glorified;
Sorrow that sobs—the while no tears are flowing—
'Would that, like thine, *my* only child had died!'"

MARGARET EYTINGE.

A NERVOUS LADY AT HEIDELBERG.

By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

I.—THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

THE Frankfort train reached Heidelberg at five o'clock on a July afternoon, and two ladies descended—the elder timorous and suspicious of railway officials; the younger confident, eager, and full of enthusiasm. A carriage soon bore them away from the depot and suburb of modern aspect, along the Anlage, damp with recent heavy rains, toward the town.

"These villas and gardens resemble any American city—Buffalo, for example," quoth the Nervous Lady.

"Buffalo!" echoed her niece Margaret, in the scornful accents of Young America. "The idea, aunty, of comparing beautiful old Heidelberg on the Neckar with one of *our* towns!"

"Buffalo is more accessible, certainly, and I am not quite sure the comparison is just to our towns; for I should judge by the evil odors here that the Electors Palatine and their successors have devoted less time to sewerage than to hair-splitting over religions," retorted the Nervous Lady, with a droll twist to her thin, mobile face.

Niece Margaret sighed profoundly, and gazed at the tree-tops. She declined to bring herself down to the level of such arguments. Niece Margaret was a dignified young woman of twenty-five, with a white intellectual brow, a pair of clear gray eyes, a firm mouth, and money in her own right. In travel she was the layer of cotton-wool to which a certain Madame De Staël has compared the feminine element in society, and the Nervous Lady expended her whims on this safe elastic resistance of a calm temperament.

"I am always afraid of my life in a carriage," resumed the latter, after a moment of silence. "These horses appear harmless, however, and they eat black bread, I am told. Why, Mrs. Thorpe's boy is studying at Leipsic or Heidelberg."

Down came Niece Margaret's gaze from the tree-tops to the depths of the carriage, where she discovered an absorbing interest in the strap of her shawl-case.

"He is at Heidelberg, studying medicine," she said, quietly.

"Dear me, how time flies!" sighed the Nervous Lady. "I am actually an old woman. I remember Willie Thorpe, in a jacket, firing a Fourth-of-July cannon, and breaking my parlor windows. He was a handsome rascal, and made a polite apology for having frightened me into a fainting fit. Now he is a German philosopher, I suppose, and would not recognize us, with his meerschaum pipe and beer tankards."

"No," assented Margaret, gravely.

The carriage paused in a narrow, crooked street of the old town, paved with round cobble-stones, and the Nervous Lady, entering a low massive door, was conducted to her destination.

The educational *pension* belongs to Germany. As a rule, it is dingy, lugubrious, and barren; its pervading odor is a faint suggestiveness of black-board and pencils, mingled with boys' boots, woollen garments consigned to a camphorated seclusion at times, and wet umbrellas. English comfort and American cookery are frequently the baits which gild its austere simplicity. Niece Margaret had selected an educational *pension* at Heidelberg as a suitable haven, keeping her true motive in the background, and assuring her deluded relative that all the world flocked to this popular establishment.

The Nervous Lady found herself in an old-fashioned mansion, mantled with green vines suggestive of spiders and earwigs, and with a neglected garden in the rear. The wide stone corridor, adorned with angular portraits of a greenish hue, after Holbein, was redolent of greasy soup and kerosene oil at this season of year, with hints of wintry draughts and diphtheria. The chambers, large and lofty, were oddly shaped, as if originally they had intended to be square, or oblong, but had been moulded into their present dimensions at a moment of indecision. There was something rambling and disconnected about the house, which terrified and fascinated our travellers. The landlady was vague in manner, swerving aside instinctively from a decisive affirmation or negation, and vanished into by-ways continually, as if searching for a lost article never found; the menials were limp and indifferent.

Two hours later the Nervous Lady stood at her window, her countenance reflecting many emotions. She had dined in an apartment like the refectory of a convent; the viands had proved inferior, and had been served in eccentric combinations wholly new to her experience. The company, chiefly ladies from English rural districts and Scotland, had adhered to the custom of dressing for dinner, appearing in silk attire, with those long and draggled trains, like the tail of a kite, peculiar to feminine fashions in the British Isles, and usually accompanied by caps, and white lace cuffs made by the wearer.

Outside the window, life manifested its many phases. The Heidelberg students were abroad at this sunset hour. Here a group wearing caps of a mustard-yellow tint linked arms affectionately, whips and canes taking, naturally in time of peace, the attitude of fencing. There a blonde and a brunette youth, in blue caps of the Polish aristocracy, lounged in an open landau, gazing superciliously at pedestrians. A pair with military bearing doffed their white turbans to a professor. A lofty and cynical hero, with a broken nose, and gold-embroidered head-covering the size of a saucer tilted over one eye, stalked alone. A boy in a green cap, with the face of a cherub, perched a tinted eyeglass on his pretty nose to ogle Margaret.

In an adjacent garden two students occupied a summer-house draped with vines. Both were stout, of heavy aspect, and wore those patches of white plaster on cheek and chin denoting recent duels, the scars of which might serve as a badge of bravery in after-life, but which imparted, for the time being, the aspect of sailors on shore.

"They are drinking brandy in wine-glasses, and then a horrible black beer," cried the Nervous Lady. "Oh, where are their mothers?"

"Prince von Bismarck was one of the maddest of the Heidelberg students, I believe; hence their license," said Margaret, smiling. "However, the German government is about to interfere with duelling and other irregularities in the universities."

"It is time. I wonder how many drunken ruffians emerge into the world to one scholar who has sown his wild oats here?"

"Nonsense, aunt!" said Margaret, sharply. Her usually calm gray eye flashed, and the color mantled her cheek.

"I have a right to my opinion," pursued the Nervous Lady.

At this moment the setting sun separated the heavy clouds on the horizon, and the castle appeared spanned by a glittering rainbow. The distant valleys were still veiled in dissolving mist, the roofs and gables of the ancient town glowed in the warm light, and the rainbow slanted across the majestic ruin on the hill-side as memory may linger about the terrace of the Frederic building or the ivy-mantled bastions of the time of Elizabeth Stuart.

The Nervous Lady prepared to retire at an early hour. She dismissed Margaret, after assuring herself that she knew the exact locality of the latter's room, situated at the extremity of the tortuous corridor. Scarcely had she done so when she remembered that her chloral pearls were in the pocket of a certain black bag borne away by her niece.

"I shall not require the bag to-night," she soliloquized, ignorant of all the adventures which would hinge on the trifling circumstance.

Insomnia had presided at the cradle of the Nervous Lady, and accompanied her through life. Her later years, otherwise prosperous, were remarkable only for the localities and nights during which she had slept. In travel, London, Paris, and Venice were cities cherished by her with peculiar tenderness. Why? "I slept soundly in each from eleven o'clock until five," she invariably explained, with a certain wiry gayety peculiar to her.

The clock struck ten as she laid her head on the stony pillow of the educational *pension*. The first train quitted the Heidelberg depot for Würzburg, and rushed through the town like a shrieking demon, vanishing in a distant tunnel with a prolonged howl. At the same moment the convivial songs of a party of students became audible in a neighboring garden, mingled with the click of billiard balls and the report of pistols in a shooting-gallery. Scarcely had the Nervous Lady accustomed her ear to these sounds when the *pension* awoke to simultaneous melody. The young English lady in the next room began to warble sentimental ballads; the youth attending lectures launched himself on the "Beautiful Blue Danube" with the aid of the tinkling instrument of the salon; while the classical musician below-stairs commenced a sonata. The Nervous Lady thus found herself between a cross-fire of music on either side, and with Beethoven rising through the floor, thus producing excruciating discord. She bounded into an upright position, and removed her night-cap. "Oh, why was the piano ever invented?" she groaned. "I am confident the first piano-maker is meeting with a just retribution—somewhere. I wonder what Margaret is about? Surely nobody but a deaf-mute sleeps at Heidelberg."

Niece Margaret was seated before her writing-desk, and the music did not disturb her. "My old friend Willie," she began, at the head of a sheet, then blushed, paused, and tore the page in fragments. "Dear Mr. Thorpe," she recommenced, "have you forgotten your school-mate and playfellow, Margaret Cooke?"

Margaret's letter was destined never to be completed. Eleven o'clock tolled solemnly from a church tower. The Blue Danube ceased abruptly, the songs languished, the sonata below-stairs grew more muffled and distant. Outside, the report of the pistol became intermittent, while the click of billiard-balls and the mirth of the students increased. The second train, emerging from the tunnel, swooped down upon the town as if with the intention of cutting in twain the very chamber of the Nervous Lady. Twelve o'clock struck. The audience of a theatre dispersing passed beneath the window with heavy tramp of feet and laughter. One o'clock was announced from the belfry. The students emerged from the garden, with gibes and jests, piercing whistles to attendant dogs, disputes in loud and thickened utterance.

"They must be tipsy," thought the Nervous Lady, acutely wakeful, and her eyes fixed on the ceiling, where the street lamp made bars of light. Then she experienced a stab of pain in her side. "Pleurisy or pneumonia," she said, and rose in search of remedies. She found a box of licorice drops, and ate one. Everything was in the missing black bag. Perhaps the pain was not pneumonia, but the hard texture of the mattress. Reassured, she returned to her pillow, and fell asleep, although she would have taken oath in any court of justice that she had not even "lost herself."

Two o'clock sounded, and the strokes beat on her startled brain. Then it was that the third train of the night approached slowly with heavy rumbling movement, paused, backed, puffed spasmodically, and entered the depot. The Nervous Lady's last remnant of composure vanished with this train. Her teeth chattered, her head whirled, she even wept with rage and weariness. Half the maledictions she wished on the heads of the community about her, if fulfilled, would have swept the university town from its foundations. Grimly she lighted a candle, wrapped herself in a dressing-gown, and issued forth on the tortuous corridor in search of Niece Margaret and the black bag. At the threshold she made her first blunder; she turned to the left instead of to the right. Arrived at Margaret's door, as she supposed, she knocked, and said, quaveringly, through the key-hole: "Could you give me the black bag, dear? I have not slept a wink to-night."

A masculine voice growled a sleepy response.

The Nervous Lady fled in dismay. Evidently she had knocked at the wrong door. She stumbled down several steps, vaguely aware that the passage narrowed, and turned a sharp angle near a window. A draught of night wind through a broken pane of this casement extinguished the candle. The midnight wanderer stood alone in fearful darkness. Where was she? How could she discover her own room again? Should she scream, and alarm the whole household? Instead she leaned against the wall, and laughed weakly at the absurdity of the situation. The educational *pension* was a labyrinth. She would not be surprised if a trap opened beneath her feet, consigning her to the dungeons of the Vehmegericht, or the arms of an Iron Maiden. She found a match on the candlestick; it refused to ignite. A second, struck against the wall, flared and went out. Chilled, bewildered, and enraged, she groped her way back. She stumbled up several steps again, ran against an open door, and discerned a faint ray of light. Possibly Margaret was coming in search of her.

The light proved to be a night taper burning in a chamber of which the door also was open. A man was extended across the threshold, his eyes closed, and his face covered with blood.

"It's murder," gasped the Nervous Lady, and stood still.

II.—THE NERVOUS LADY FULFILLS HER MISSION.

A man had fallen on the floor with blood pouring from a wound in the cheek and chin verging on the jugular vein. Such was the startling spectacle presented to her eyes. The Nervous Lady did not shriek or faint. Nervous ladies seldom do in those grave emergencies of life which require them to forget themselves. Incredible and appalling circumstance! Instead of a bottle of chloral pearls in the pocket of a black bag, she had found a fellow-creature bleeding to death. She had arisen and sought this stranger in response to a mute appeal for assistance, instead of obtaining relief for her own petty ailments. She stepped across the prostrate form, and glanced about the room. The taper burned on a table, but no watcher had guarded the feverish slumber of the young man. He was alone. Swiftly the Nervous Lady gathered the pillows from the bed, placed them on the floor, and raised the wounded head. The man groaned, opened his eyes, and again closed them. His new friend knelt beside him, coolly and firmly re-adjusted the bandages, which had slipped aside, thus occasioning the hemorrhage, and restored the head to the pillows as if she had served as hospital nurse instead of swooning at the sight of a penknife wound on the finger of a comrade in girlhood.

Her next move was not less collected. She lighted a lamp, took it in her hand, and went out on the landing. The fact that the fingers which grasped the lamp were stained with blood did not even impress her as ghastly. A flight of stairs led down to an entrance door. *She was in another house!* The Nervous Lady winked violently several times, but did not permit this astonishing circumstance to disconcert her. In the tranquil clearness of her mind at the moment she remembered having seen from her window a brass plate inscribed with a doctor's name on an opposite house. She found it the most natural circumstance in the world to seek the physician in her dressing-gown. She opened the street door. At last the town was hushed in slumber. The silence and darkness were oppressive; a damp fragrance of flowers from a neighboring garden reached her. Such sweet flowers are placed on coffins, she thought.

A tall form approached the opposite house, paused, and looked at her. She beckoned energetically. A dignified gentleman, wearing gold spectacles, crossed the street.

"If you are a Christian, and understand the English language, follow me," said the Nervous Lady.

"Good!" replied the tall gentleman.

Soon the young man was restored to bed, stimulants and restoratives applied, and the tall gentleman surveyed the result with evident satisfaction.

"You are the doctor opposite?" inquired the Nervous Lady.

"Yes, madame."

"Good," said the Nervous Lady in turn.

"Possibly this trial is too much for you," continued the physician, with a searching glance at her thin face, rendered shadowy by the obscurity.

"Oh no; I never felt better," was the jerky response.

"He is your son?" hazarded the doctor.

"I do not know who he is, where I am, or how I came to be here," retorted the Nervous Lady, incoherently. "I found him on the floor bleeding to death. That is sufficient."

"He is a good fellow enough," said the doctor, slowly. "An American student; the name Thorpe."

"Oh, Lord!" ejaculated the Nervous Lady, suddenly collapsing into a chair. "How I wish my niece Margaret was awake!"

"Shall I awaken her?" demanded the good-natured doctor.

"You would not be able to find her in the educational *pension*, unless you are a magician. He is alive; that is one comfort, anyway. I thought him dead, stone-dead, at first."

She rose and approached the doctor mysteriously.

"I know what it is," she whispered. "He has fought one of those wicked duels."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, and smiled leniently. He had a scar on his own cheek.

"Some boyish scrape," he admitted.

"Don't talk to me about your barbarous customs of the Dark Ages! I wonder you are not ashamed that you have not outgrown them! There! I will watch while you go to the pharmacy and bring your assistant. I am not weary; and, besides, I could not find my way home if I tried. He must be Willie Thorpe, Mrs. Thorpe's boy, the only son of a widow. Dear! dear! what a wicked world it is!" She seated herself beside the bed, discovered a handkerchief in the pocket of her dressing-gown, and began to cry.

The physician departed. The nurse soon dried her tears, and began to move about the chamber, peering at different objects in the anticipation of discovering a whole magazine of deadly weapons—at least a blood-stained sword. She shook her head at the heaps of ink-marked books, the pipes and loose tobacco scattered about, the general aspect of dust and disorder. The ways of young men, especially of students, were too wonderful for her. On the chimney-piece were two photographs framed, one reflecting the pale, sad face of Mrs. Thorpe, with hair meekly smoothed on either side of a care-worn brow; the other a girl's head in a large hat.

"Why, it is Margaret!" exclaimed the Nervous Lady. "Ah, the home influence was too remote for this youth in a foreign land."

She returned to her post beside the bed, sighing profoundly. At this moment the patient opened his eyes, gazed at her dreamily, and extending his hand, touched her arm, as if attempting to establish the reality of objects about him.

"Mrs. Cooke," he said, faintly.

"Yes, my dear," she replied, beaming on him as if he were not a sinner.

"Do you remember the Fourth-of-July cannon?" vaguely and mechanically uttered, the mind still astray.

"To be sure. Go to sleep."

The young man's eyes did not immediately close in response to this injunction. He glanced about the room, visibly disquieted by some thought.

"I tried to open the window or the door," he muttered. "I was stifling, and Jack did not answer when I called. Where is Margaret?"

The Nervous Lady smiled, nodded, and placed a finger on her lips.

"You shall see her when you awaken," she replied.

Willie Thorpe sank into a refreshing slumber, and his nurse, bolt-upright in her chair, followed his example. When the latter opened her eyes, Margaret was embracing her with ardor, while the doctor bent over his patient.

"What a dreadful night you must have had, dear!" said Margaret, pale with excitement and sympathy. "You saved him, aunty."

"I do not think much of him," were the first words of the Nervous Lady. "However, we must play the good Samaritan, as we are his country-women, and he is Mrs. Thorpe's boy."

Margaret rose to her feet with a reproachful glance.

"Where is the educational *pension* located this morning?" added the Nervous Lady, in a flighty manner. "If that establishment still exists, it might be well to bring me some raiment."

"The door of communication with this house was left open by a servant," explained her niece. "The landlady is very sorry."

"Is she? Then I advise her to illuminate her crooked corridors by means of the electric light."

Margaret joined the physician. She did not attempt to touch Willie Thorpe, although her emotion was plainly written in the pallor and trouble of her face.

"Permit me to be chief nurse," she pleaded, tremulously. "I am very strong."

"He requires little nursing, only careful watching," he returned, cheerfully. "You are doubtless strong, as you say, but your relative is far stronger. She had nerves of steel during the night, and this young man owes his life to her."

The convalescence of the American student was rapid; it was also painful. There can be no manner of doubt that Willie Thorpe found the presence of the Nervous Lady irksome, and his debt of gratitude uncomfortable. She was the surgeon who probed the wounds of his moral nature with unflinching hand. And Margaret? The proximity of a girl whose father had forbidden him to correspond with an only daughter, above him in worldly position, when he came abroad to study, was scarcely less embarrassing. He had vowed to forget her, in anger and deep resentment. Now the intervention of these women from home signified conscience, tender memories, regret, to him after an absence of four years. The petted son of an ambitious mother, gifted with a bright intelligence, possessing a careless good-humor of disposition which rendered him popular, and a much lighter purse than many of his associates, these reminders of duty pricked him sharply. He had attained that crisis of youth when the ship either obeys the helm and sweeps around on her course, or openly defies all future restraint. Was he a dissipated student, having already required a dazzling reputation for audacity, recklessness, and being "fast"? Not as yet, but gay, fond of pleasure, with many social engagements which do not render the brain clear next morning. None the less did Willie Thorpe stand on the first step of that decline from fun to vice which Alphonse Daudet compares to the luxuriously carpeted stairway of the café, flooded with gas jets above, and leading down to the darkness and the gutter of the street.

The Nervous Lady spoke to him of his mother, with an inflection of severity in her voice. Margaret, on the contrary, persisted in making a hero of him by a thousand subtle inferences of glance and manner. The gaze of the hero followed her with profound gratitude, which rendered himself only the more miserable. Oh, the cheerfulness of this usually sedate Margaret! She sang, she read aloud, she described the career of old playfellows at home. Her aunt glanced askance at her. Her calm niece was no longer recognizable in this tender nurse, this girl full of a gentle mirth, yielding to little fluttering tremors of smiles and capricious frowns. Possibly the surprise of the Nervous Lady was not untinged with the prejudice of jealousy. Was Margaret's manner due to the virtuous satisfaction of playing the good Samaritan, or to the joy of again seeing Willie Thorpe?

The subject of the duel had never been broached. Now the invalid turned over cards and notes on the table, selecting one which bore a coronet, and poised it in his hand.

"He has never asked to see me, I suppose?" he questioned, while the gloom deepened on his face.

The Nervous Lady, as guardian dragon of the premises, replied in the negative.

"Was he a friend?" inquired Margaret, softly.

Willie turned the card, tossed it aside, and laughed bitterly.

"He was the best friend I ever had; we were inseparable—until we fought."

"I marvel you did not slice off each other's noses, or put out an eye," observed the Nervous Lady, in a withering tone. "Such privileges are accorded by the university code, I believe, although the neck is swathed in leather."

Willie's eye flashed, his face crimsoned, and he struck the table with his clinched hand.

"It is easy enough to avoid quarrels," he said. "The duels of drinking beer on a wager, usually forced on a new arrival, sicken him fearfully at first, but do no harm. I would fight him over again to-morrow if he hurled the same taunts and sneers at me about—American girls, and at a supper table."

Margaret looked at him, advanced a step, and gave him her hand with an eloquent gesture.

"Thank you," she said, in a low tone.

He bent his head and kissed her hand.

"It is true; I thought of you at that moment," he whispered.

The Nervous Lady remained wholly unmoved. "Willie Thorpe, how many years have you been here?" she demanded, in a magisterial tone.

"Four years."

"What have you accomplished?"

"Little enough, I am afraid. Studied, played, joined debating societies, dabbled in science and philosophy."

"How do you intend to occupy yourself now?"

The student winced, rose, and paced the floor.

"Aunty!" remonstrated Margaret.

"Look here, Mrs. Cooke: I will go home and turn farmer, if you like," he said, pausing. "Shall I dwell like a patriarch on the old place, reaping and sowing the hill patch, while mother feeds the chickens in the barn-yard?"

"No," retorted the Mentor, slowly. "Your mother sold the farm long ago to defray the expenses of your foreign education. She boards in the village."

Willie stood with a bewildered and stricken look on his face. "She never told me," he murmured.

"Reverses come to every one. Oh, aunty, how can you be so disagreeable?" Margaret again interposed.

"'A curse from the depths of womanhood
Is very salt and bitter and good,'"

quoted her aunt.

III.—THE NERVOUS LADY DEPARTS.

"A pair of lovers!" said a mocking voice in the distance. Careless words echoed by the light breeze which rippled the masses of ivy on the wall, and found confirmation in the glance of a grave professor seated on an adjacent bench, musing on matters human and divine.

Margaret and Willie stood on the castle terrace. They did not heed the criticism, if they heard it, and no vows of reciprocal affection had been exchanged as they gazed down on the Neckar winding below to join the Rhine. Why was not the river like the stream of life?

"Such air-castles as I have built for you, Willie, in these four years, dwelling quietly at home!" she said, presently. "It is easy to decide on the glorious career of another, especially for a woman. I have always believed you would be like the great and noble Dr. Graefe, of Berlin."

The student bent his head, and flecked the ivy with his cane. The example of Dr. Graefe had not been held especially before his eyes.

"How good of you to believe in me at all!" he exclaimed. "I intend to apply myself seriously now; I have idled away time enough. Margaret, will you help me?"

"Yes."

A pair of lovers? Vaguely conscious of a happiness as yet expressed only by glances and the desire to be together, neither of them accepted the title. The bookworm smiled cynically, but the pretty Fräulein, in white with blue ribbons, leaned on the parapet and looked at them sympathetically with half-lowered blonde eyelashes.

The Nervous Lady was seated in the Graimburg Museum, awaiting the return of her young people from exploring the dungeons. The rooms were silent, as if the memory of the Lords Palatine still lingered, in ghostly fashion, about the relics of their earthly reign. The spot soothed and pleased her; she nodded drowsily in her chair. Opposite hung the portrait of Theresa Caterina, daughter of the Polish Prince Lubomirsky and wife of Charles Philip. The Polish woman is unique in the collection. Her powdered hair is gathered back from a mobile, irregular face, the tresses confined above one temple by a cluster of gray pearls; her robe is a deeper gray tint, fastened across the bust with a second pearl cluster, from whence soft lace depends over the bodice, while her mantle, ermine-edged, is of a peculiar slate blue. What a contrast she forms to the pictures about her!—princesses blooming with the shimmer of amber satin, and rustling furbelows in crimson, green, and brown, and royal consorts in flowing peruke, doublet, and armor.

The solitary occupant of the place found this neutral-tinted portrait full of interest, as the original had been of subtle tact and grace in her day. She gazed at it meditatively, until she fancied the soft rustling of a summer breeze wafted through the open window actually blended with the movement of the gray robe. Then a hand was placed on her shoulder, and Margaret said,

"Confess that you have had a nap, auntie."

"Not at all. I never slept in a public place in my life," said the Nervous Lady, testily.

Margaret and Willie betrayed in a smiling glance behind her back that treachery to which the nearest relatives of nervous ladies are prone. She recovered her good-humor as she descended the steep path to the corn market. "A beautiful old castle and town, but I shall be glad to leave to-morrow," she admitted.

In the evening Margaret made a communication, twisting her watch chain nervously the while:

"I have decided to remain at Heidelberg, to study German and music."

"Oh, indeed," retorted her aunt. "I have decided to depart to-morrow. It is a delightful city to keep awake in, doubtless."

"I can remain in the educational *pension* with propriety; besides, the Morgans will be here later. You know I positively adore the German language and literature," concluded Margaret, fervently.

"You are old enough to judge for yourself."

The Nervous Lady departed grimly.

One year later she was seated beside the identical window of her American home once smashed by the Fourth-of-July cannon of Willie Thorpe. Mrs. Thorpe was with her, visibly agitated by the contents of a letter which her neighbor read aloud. The letter was from Margaret, warmly affectionate, and exalted in tone. Her friends the Morgans were still with her, and that day she had married the Heidelberg student in London.

"I thought devotion to German literature did not detain her at Heidelberg, and it could not have been the attraction of the educational *pension*, you know," remarked the Nervous Lady.

"Ah, dear Mrs. Cooke, they have always loved each other!" cried Willie's mother. "I urged Margaret to go abroad, when she became her own mistress at the death of her father. My boy writes me he is coming home to work. Now he will reap the advantages of his foreign education."

"Yes," assented the Nervous Lady, mildly; "such a wife as Margaret will make a man of him."

Left alone, she added, musingly: "What on earth can she have discovered in him—a weak lad enough. I firmly believed Margaret destined to be an old maid."

Then she re-read a postscript to her letter, which she had not communicated to Mrs. Thorpe, although in the handwriting of that lady's son.

"You are destined to love me as Margaret's husband and your future nephew, O kindest of aunts. According to one of the finest phases of philosophy, you can not do otherwise. Did you ever see *Le voyage de Monsieur Perrichon* performed at the Paris Odéon? If so, you must be aware that if you feel grateful to the man who saves your life at a moment of peril, you experience a warmer sentiment toward the man whose life you have saved. On this circumstance the claim is founded of your dutiful and affectionate "Willie."

"The scamp!" said the Nervous Lady, folding the letter. "After all, he has a good heart. Dear! dear! when I have a nightmare I am always back in Heidelberg!"

THE "JUNIOR CENTURY."

The parochial work undertaken and accomplished by the energy of Dr. Potter since he became rector of Grace Church is one of the most cheering facts not only in the church life, but in the civic life of New York. Much of it is noteworthy from being distinctly outside of the sphere to which parochial work is commonly restricted. Within the past few months the picturesque and attractive group of church buildings which constitutes so note-worthy a feature of Broadway has been made more picturesque and attractive by two new buildings, one Grace Memorial House, which occupies the rear of the church grounds on Fourth Avenue, and one Grace House, which stands between the church and the rectory on Broadway, and is entered through the porch of the north transept. This building owes its existence to the liberality of Miss Wolfe, and the lower two floors of it are devoted to the uses of the "Junior Century."

The Junior Century is not an imitation in its scheme of the well-known Century Club. The resemblance of name comes from the fact that at the outset it was intended, as it was also intended in the case of the senior Century, to limit its membership to one hundred. The name of the older club has long grown so inapplicable that it has been facetiously proposed to rechristen it "The Eighteenth." Although the younger body has only been in existence a few months, its style has already become a misnomer, and the limit now proposed is of one hundred and fifty members. The size of the club is practically limited by the seating capacity of the rooms in which its entertainments are given, and this is rather less than the proposed limit.

The object of the club is to provide a social centre for young men and women engaged as clerks, artists, teachers, and students in New York who are new-comers to the city, and who, living in lodgings, feel the lack of the social privileges which the club affords. The only requisites for admission are good character and this condition of homelessness. Whoever wishes to join the club fills out a blank form of application, with name, residence, occupation, and references, and this application is submitted to the Standing Committee, composed of the younger members of Grace parish, who are appointed by the rector, and form the governing body of the club. Now that the club is fairly under way, it is proposed that the committees on library, entertainments, and so forth, shall be chosen by members of the club.

The club differs in its aim from such a body as the Young Men's Christian Association in being much smaller, and therefore more available for forming friendships—much more in the nature of a real club, that is to say—and also in including both sexes. The ground-floor of Grace House is given to men, and the second floor to women. The ground-floor has an ample reading-room, and a chess-room and lounging-room, from which tobacco is not excluded. The second floor has a ladies' reading-room corresponding to that below, and over the chess-room are dressing-rooms and bath-rooms. The library is about equally divided between the two floors, and an attendant brings from one reading-room such books as may be required in the other. The reading-rooms are, however, chiefly used to read periodicals and to consult works of reference. The library, which already contains a thousand volumes, the last five hundred of which were bought on the application of members, is a circulating library, and the volumes are taken in exchange for a deposit and a registration by the borrower. The usual result of putting "on honor" people of honorable antecedents has followed, and no losses are reported.

The members of different sexes meet at the receptions, which are given twice a month; one a social reunion on the first Monday of the month, at which simple refreshments are served; the other, a literary and musical entertainment, on the third Monday, at which excellent artists appear. The rooms for men are open in the evening; those for women, in the evening and from three to six in the afternoon.

Mr. Nelson, the assistant minister of the parish, has his office in Grace House; but anything in the nature of surveillance of the members is rigorously avoided. The investigation before admission is considered to furnish a sufficient guarantee of good behavior afterward, and this confidence has not been abused.

Although the club has been founded and equipped by members of the parish, membership in the club by no means involves membership in the congregation. On the contrary, no church tests whatever are imposed, and only a small minority of the club are even Episcopalians. For very obvious reasons, a fee is required of members; but the annual subscription is the trifling sum of $2 50, and the aggregate of the fees scarcely covers the cost of the stationery supplied to the members.

IN THE FAR NORTHWEST.

When the traveller along the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad crosses the great mountain ranges and descends upon the Pacific slope, he begins to encounter large numbers of Chinese laborers. They congregate in camps formed chiefly of A tents, although sometimes they build huts of scantling. These camps are said to be models of neatness, and our artist states that the Chinese laborers pay great attention to personal cleanliness. They wash themselves thoroughly morning and evening, and are very particular in the use of the tooth-brush. The camps are often tastefully decorated, and on holidays are gay with banners and streamers, and noisy with fire-crackers.

Every evening the laborers gather in a large tent for social amusement. They have theatrical performances and concerts, the latter made hideous with tom-toms and other Chinese instruments of musical torture. Opium-smoking is a rare vice among them, and is discouraged by the better class. There is a merchant in every camp, who supplies the laborers with provisions, groceries, and other necessities. When the work requires it, the tents are struck, and the camp is moved on to another point.

The Chinese pay tender care to the burial of deceased comrades, and graves like those depicted by our artist may be seen all along the route. They are marked by head-boards, on which is inscribed the name of the deceased. Each grave is protected by a pile of rails, and beside each are laid votive offerings in the form of decorated tea-cups, etc., which are never meddled with by the white laborers.

The singular-looking train in the foreground of Mr. Graham's sketches is in reality a village on wheels, containing about 500 inhabitants, and everything necessary to their work and maintenance. As the labor of laying the railroad track proceeds, the train is moved forward, forming a movable base of operations. Provisions, implements, giant powder or dynamite for blasting, etc., are stored in various cars. Others serve as lodging-houses, restaurants, kitchens, etc. When the train is stationary the guy-ropes shown in the sketch are used to stay the cars, and prevent them from being blown off the track by the high prairie winds.

DR. J. MARION SIMS.

1813–1883.

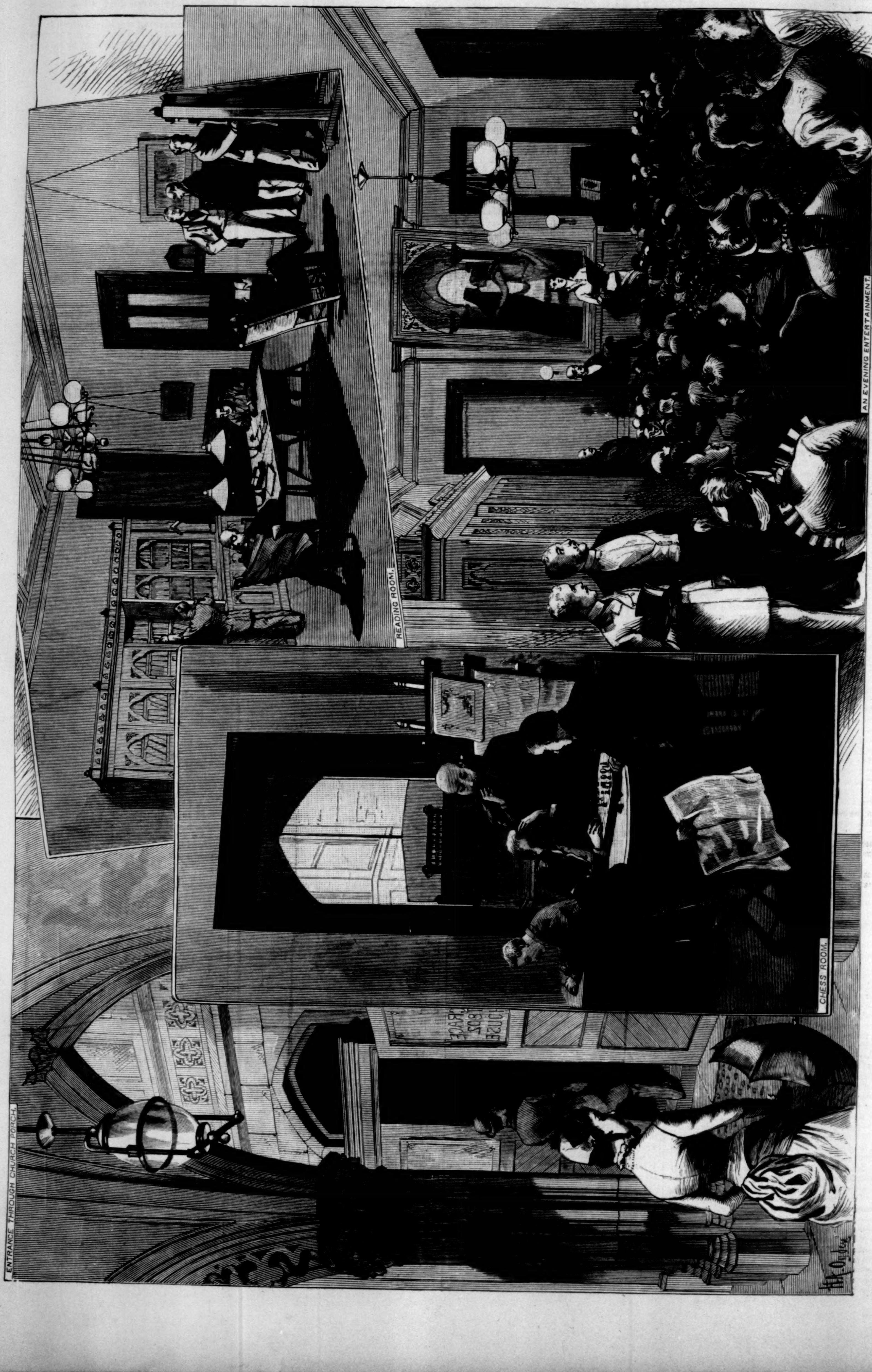
A great benefactor in surgery has passed away; a benefactor whose originality and whose skill will not be contested. How rarely is this the fortune of a great benefactor! The most important discovery of medical science in our age is doubtless that of anæsthesia; but the credit of this great discovery must in fairness be shared among no less than five discoverers—Long, Wells, Morton, Jackson, and Simpson. Dr. Sims's inventions and his wonderful operative successes are peculiarly his own. Only once, and that early in his career (1833), has any serious effort been made to detract from his credit in the invention of the silver suture; and this effort, which failed, need not be recalled at length.

Dr. Sims had a remarkable combination of gifts. In the sciences of healing, as in others, the famous names fall mainly into two classes—those of discoverers and those of successful practitioners. Bichat and Virchow are eminent instances of the one; Velpeau, Trousseau, and Valentine Mott of the other. There is a third and a smaller class in which theory and practice, the invention and its application, go hand in hand. Pasteur is perhaps the most eminent living example of this rare combination. In his own domain of surgery Dr. Sims belonged to this class of minds equally divided between invention and its practical end—the relief of human suffering. Dr. Sims never stumbled upon results. His great discovery, the one by which his name will always be memorable in the annals of surgery, was carefully thought out beforehand; it was prosecuted with as long delays and disappointments, and at last as unswervingly carried out, and with as perfect and *individual* success, as Columbus's discovery of the New World. This discovery, that of the cure of a grievous and previously incurable complaint (vesico-vaginal fistula), and the subsequent introduction of silver sutures in surgery, are the main triumphs of the eminent career that is now closed. They are triumphs that no one will dispute.

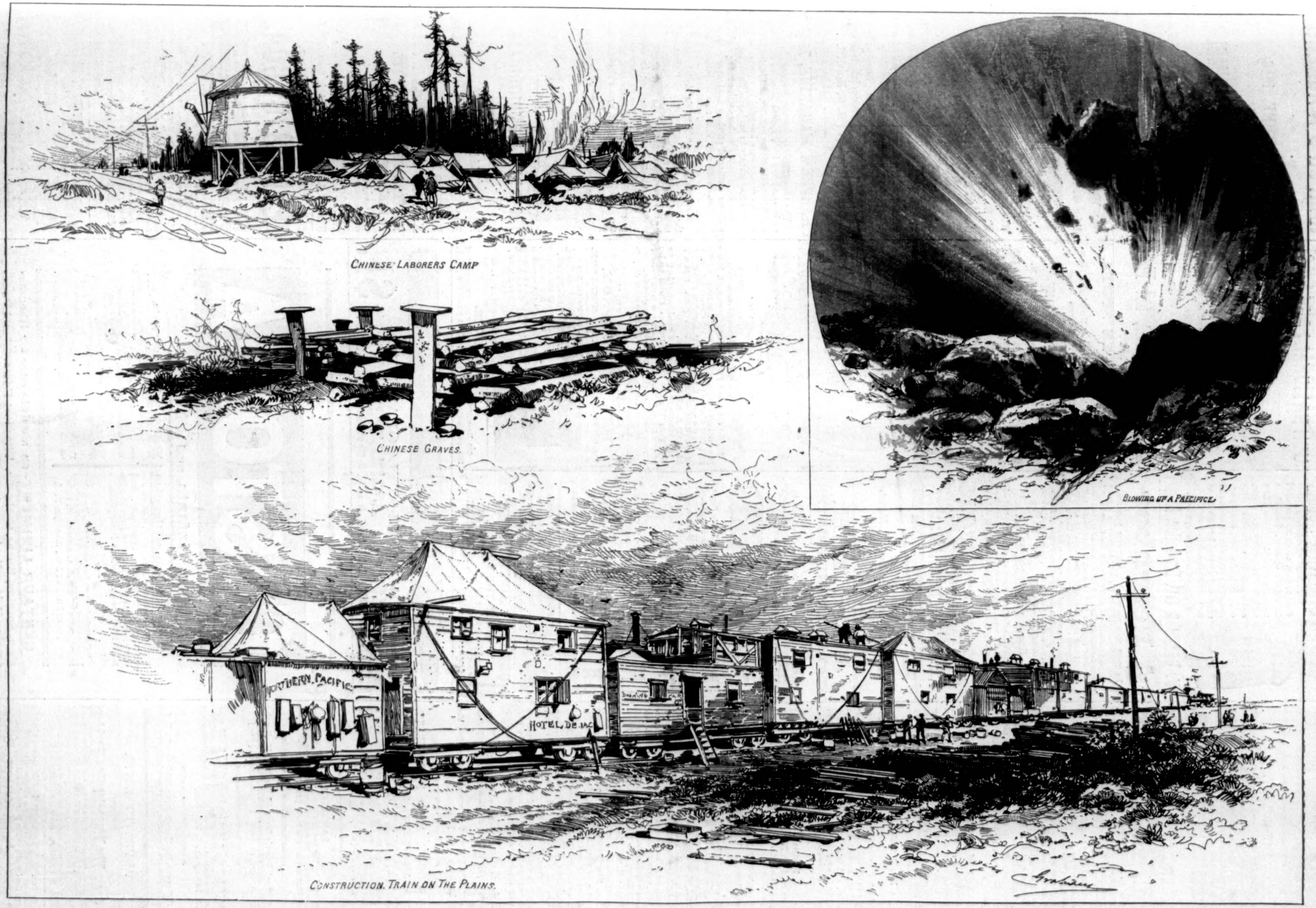
The record of Dr. Sims's work would be far too long for this place, even in the mere transcription of the titles of his monographs. These cover a score of subjects, and bring new light to all of them; but they nearly all converge upon the practical treatment of the ailments peculiar to women. Whether in the related pathology, anatomy, chemistry, or microscopy of these subjects, he ranges over the ground with an alertness, an enthusiasm of intellect, that is seldom equalled. There was a rapture in his work like that of a lover's pursuit or of a great artist's creation. This glow, this *élan*, was Dr. Sims's distinctive intellectual trait; and it need not be said that it lent a peculiar charm to his character. It was this that led him through delays and troubles to one of the most real and well-deserved triumphs in the brilliant history of American surgery. Of his early efforts to perfect the operation already mentioned, he writes: "My repeated failures brought anguish that I can not now depict, even if it were desirable. All my spare time was given to a single idea. My brain was oppressed, my heart was heavy, but never for one moment did I despair of eventual success. At last I happened to remember that when a boy I used to make sinkers to my fishing-lines by cutting a shot half in two, laying the line in the cut, and then compressing the shot on it with my teeth. I can not express the delight that filled my heart at this simple suggestion. Its beauty, simplicity, and perfect adaptation to the purpose gave me a sleepless night. There I lay with an etherealized brain, performing in imagination a magical cure on each of my devoted patients."

In this passage we have the key-note of Dr. Sims's success through life, as well as of all other success that is not merely chanced upon, but won, namely, an ardent pursuit, and a fertility of intelligence that makes the pursuit fruitful. Sometimes, indeed, his ideas outran his time. Some of his favorite ideas have not as yet been realized; they bide their time. It will be remembered that when General Garfield was shot, Dr. Sims advocated a "heroic treatment," namely, to cut down to the ball and remove it. The proposition was blamed by many surgeons as venturesome surgery. It was at least no sudden or unconsidered suggestion. Seven years before that time Dr. Sims had published these words: "The time will assuredly come when gunshot and other wounds of the abdomen, and perforations of the intestine, will be treated by opening the abdominal cavity and washing out or draining off the septic fluids that would otherwise poison the blood."—(*On Ovariotomy*, 1873.) But we need not look to the possibilities of the future to vindicate the well-earned eminence of Dr. Sims's name. His founding of the Woman's Hospital (1855), his presidency of the American Medical Association, and his frequent medals from foreign countries may be mentioned. But his personal work was for woman, in relieving her sufferings, and often in the scientific removal of her gravest sorrow. His patient skill enabled many a woman to exclaim with Leah, "Happy am I, for the daughters will call me blessed." Dr. Valentine Mott once said to him, "You will have in all time an enduring monument; that monument will be the gratitude of woman." It is the verdict of his professional brethren upon this worthy and distinguished career. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.*

Titus Munson Coan.


ENTRANCE THROUGH CHURCH PORCH.
CHESS ROOM.
READING ROOM.
AN EVENING ENTERTAINMENT.
H. A. Ogden

THE "JUNIOR CENTURY," NEW YORK.—Drawn by H. A. Ogden.—[See Page 747.]



Chinese Laborers Camp

Chinese Graves.

Blowing up a Precipice.

Construction Train on The Plains.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
HOTEL DE IAC

PEN SKETCHES IN THE FAR NORTHWEST.—By Charles Graham.—[See Page 747.]

DINNER SETS

From Dresden, Limoges, Minton's, Copeland, Wedgwood, and Royal Worcester. Plates for Oysters, Soup, Fish, Roast, Dessert, &c. Also, China and Glass Table, Chamber, and Ornamental Wares. Largest assortment in the United States, at moderate prices. HERMAN TROST & Co., 50, 52, and 54 Murray St.—[*Adv.*]

IMPORTANT.

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Those once trying it are never without it. It cures Sea-sickness, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Spasms, Croup, Cholera, etc., taken internally, and is perfectly harmless (see oath accompanying each bottle). As an external application for Chronic Rheumatism, Lumbago, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, Old Sores, Pimples, Blotches, Swellings, etc., its equal is unknown. Impure water is purified by adding twenty drops of the Liniment to a tumblerful, then no danger of Diarrhœa or Dysentery.

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Dr. Tobias's Pulmonic Life Syrup is the great Cough Remedy of the day. It is warranted superior to any other or no pay. Only 50 cents in large bottles.

HON. HENRY C. KELSEY,

SECRETARY OF STATE NEW JERSEY, writes:

Send me one dozen bottles of your Life Syrup by express. If its virtues were as well known as your Venetian Liniment, it would have as large a sale as that article has.

FROM THE REV. I. P. FEIGL.

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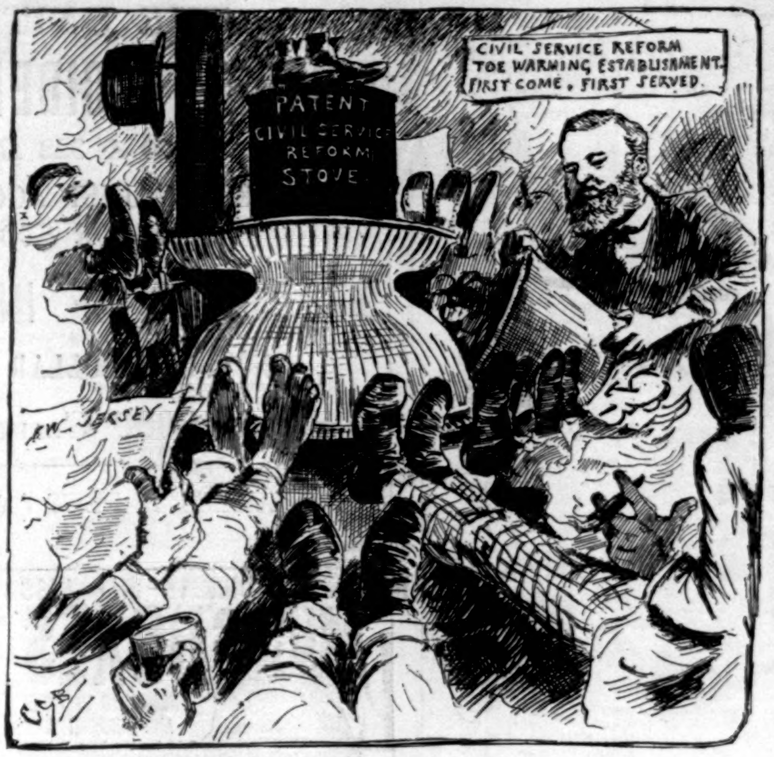

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